

THE PROSE EDDA OF SNORRI STURLSON

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TRANSLATED FROM THE ICELANDIC WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY ARTHUR GILCHRIST BRODEUR

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INTRODUCTION

THE life of Snorri Sturluson fell in a great but contradictory age, when all that was noble and spiritual in men seemed to promise social regeneration, and when bloody crimes and sordid ambitions gave this hope the lie. Not less than the rest of Europe, Scandinavia shared in the bitter conflict between the law of the spirit and the law of the members. The North, like England and the Continent, felt the religious fervor of the Crusades, passed from potential anarchy into union and national consciousness, experienced a literary and spiritual revival, and suffered the fury of persecution and of fratricidal war. No greater error could be committed than to think of the Northern lands as cut off by barriers of distance, tongue, and custom from the heart of the Continent, and in consequence as countries where men's thoughts and deeds were more unrestrained and uncivilized. Even as England, France, and Germany acted and reacted upon one another in politics, in social growth, in art, and in literature, so all three acted upon Scandinavia, and felt the reaction of her influence.

Nearly thirty years before Snorri's birth, the Danish kingdom had been the plaything of a German prince, Henry the Lion, who set up or pulled down her rulers as he saw fit; and during Snorri's boyhood, one of these rulers, Valdamarr I, contributed to Henry's political destruction. In Norway, Sverrir Sigurdarson had swept away the old social order, and replaced it with one more highly centralized; had challenged the power of Rome without, and that of his own nobles within, like Henry II of England and Frederick Barbarossa. After Sverrir's death, an interregnum followed; but at last there came to the throne a monarch both powerful and enlightened, who extended the reforms of Sverrir, and having brought about unity and peace, quickened the intellectual life of Norway with the fructifying influence of French and English literary models. Under the patronage of this ruler, Hákon Hákonarson, the great romances, notably those of Chrétien de Troyes, were translated into Norse, some of them passing over into Swedish, Danish, and Icelandic. Somewhat later, Matthew Paris, the great scholar and author,

who represented the culture both of England and of France, spent eighteen months in Norway, though not until after Snorri's death.

Iceland itself, in part through Norway, in part directly, drew from the life of the Continent: Sæmundr the Learned, who had studied in Paris, founded a school at Oddi; Sturla Sigvatsson, Snorri's nephew, made a pilgrimage to Rome, and visited Germany; and Snorri himself shows, in the opening pages of his Heimskringla, or History of the Kings of Norway, the influence of that great romantic cycle, the Matter of Troy.

Snorri Sturluson was in the fullest sense a product of his time. The son of a turbulent and ambitious chieftain, Sturla Thórdsson, of Hvamm in western Iceland, he was born to a heritage of strife and avarice. The history of the Sturlung house, like that of Douglas in Scotland, is a long and perplexed chronicle of intrigue, treachery, and assassination, in all of which Snorri played an active part. But even as among the Douglases there was one who, however deep in treason and intrigue, yet loved learning and poetry, and was distinguished in each, so Snorri, involved by sordid political chicanery, found time not only to compose original verse which was admired by his contemporaries, but also to record the myths and legends, the history and poetry, of his race, in a prose that is one of the glories of the age.

The perplexing story of Snorri's life, told by his nephew, Sturla Thórdsson,[1] may well be omitted from this brief discussion. A careful and scholarly account of it by Eiríkr Magnússon[2] will be found in the introduction to the sixth volume of *The Saga Library*. From Snorri's marriage in 1199 to his assassination at the hands of his son-in-law, Gizurr Thórvaldsson, in 1241, there was little in his life which his biographer could relate with satisfaction. His friends, his relatives, his very children, Snorri sacrificed to his insatiate ambition. As chief and as lawman, he gave venal decisions and perverted justice; he purposed at any cost to become the most powerful man in Iceland. There is even ground for belief that he deliberately undertook to betray the republic to Hákon of Norway, and that only his lack of courage prevented him from subverting his country's liberty. Failure brought about his death, for Snorri, who had been a favorite at the Norwegian court,

[1] *Sturlunga Saga*, edited by G. Vigfússon, Oxford, 1878
[2] *The Saga Library*, edited by William Morris and Eiríkr Magnússon, vol. vi; *Heimskringla*, vol. iv, London, 1905

incurred the King's suspicion after fifteen years had passed with no accomplishment; and daring to leave Norway against Hákon's command, he fell under the royal displeasure. Gizurr, his murderer, proved to have been acting at the express order of the King.

Eiríkr Magnússon, in the admirable biography to which I have referred, attempts to apologize for Snorri's faults on the ground that be "really compares very favorably with the leading contemporary *godar* [chieftains] of the land." It is true that he made no overt attempt to keep his treasonable promise to Norway, but I think it by no means certain that repentance stayed his hand. Indeed, familiar as he was with the hopelessly anarchical conditions of his native land, its devastating feuds, its plethora of lawless, unscrupulous chiefs, all striving for wealth and influence, none inspired with a genuine affection for the commonwealth, nor understanding the fundamental principles of democracy, Snorri may well have felt that it were far better to endure a foreign ruler who could compel union and peace. If this was the motive underlying his self-abasement at the Norwegian court and his promises to Hákon, then weakness alone is sufficient to account for his failure; if he had no such purpose, he must be regarded as both weak and treacherous.

It is with relief that we turn to Snorri's works, to find in them, at least, traces of genuine nobility of spirit. The unscrupulous politician kept sound and pure some corner of his heart in which to enshrine his love for his people's glorious past, for the myths of their ancient gods, half grotesque and half sublime: for the Christ-like Baldr; for Promethean Odin and Týr, sacrificing eye and hand to save the race; for the tears of Freyja, the tragic sorrows of Gudrún, the pitiful end of Svanhildr, the magnificent, all-devastating fire of Ragnarök.

His interest in these wondrous things, like Scott's love for the heroes, beliefs, and customs of the Scottish folk, was, I think, primarily antiquarian. Indefatigable in research, with an artist's eye for the picturesque, a poet's feeling for the dramatic and the human, he created the most vivid, vital histories that have yet been penned. Accurate beyond the manner of his age, gifted with genius for expression, divining the human personalities, the

comic or tragic interplay of ambitions, passions, and destinies behind the mere chronicled events, he had almost ideal qualities as an historian.

Poet he was too, though the codified rules, the cryptic phrase, and conventional expression, which indeed "bound" together the words of the singers of ancient Scandinavia, must spoil his verse for us. Yet it is well to remember that in his own lifetime, not his natural prose, but his artificial poetry was famous throughout the North.

Snorri's greatest work is undoubtedly the *Heimskringla*.[3] Beginning with a rationalized account of the founding of Northern civilization by the ancient gods, he proceeds through heroic legend to the historical period, and follows the careers of his heroes on the throne, in Eastern courts and camps, or on forays in distant lands, from the earliest times to the reign of Sverrir, who came to the throne in 1184, five years after the author's birth.

"The materials at Snorri's disposal," says Magnusson,[4] "were: oral tradition; written genealogical records; old songs or narrative lays such as Thiodolf's Tale[5] of the Ynglings and Eyvind's Haloga Tale; poems of court poets, *i.e.*, historic songs, which people knew by heart all from the days of Hairfair down to Snorri's own time. 'And most store,' he says, 'we set by that which said in such songs as were sung before the chiefs themselves or the sons of them; and we hold all that true which is found in these songs concerning their wayfarings and their battles.' Of the written prose sources he drew upon he only mentions Ari the Learned's 'book,' . . . probably, as it seems to us, because in the statements of that work he had as implicit a faith as in the other sources he mentions, and found reason to alter nothing therein, while the sources he does not mention he silently criticises throughout, rejecting or altering them according as his critical faculty dictated.

"Before Snorri's time there existed only . . . separate, disjointed biographical monographs on Norwegian kings, written on the model of the family sagas of Iceland. Snorri's was a more ambitious task. Discerning that the course of life is determined by cause and effect, and that in the lives of kings widely

[3] An excellent description and classification of the MSS. may be found in *The Saga Library*, vol. vi, Introductory, pp. lxxiv-lxxvi. For Snorri's sources consult pp. lxxvi ff

[4] *Ibid.*, p. lxxxvi

[5] *Tal* is used here in the sense of an enumeration (of ancestors); hence, a genealogy

ramified interests, national and dynastic, come into play, he conceived a new idea of saga-writing: the seed of cause sown in the preceding must yield its crop of effect in the succeeding reign. This the writer of lives of kings must bear in mind. And so Snorri addresses himself to writing the first pragmatic history ever penned many Teutonic vernacular--the *Heimskringla*."

The evidence for Snorri's authorship of *Heimskringla* is not conclusive; but Vigfússon's demonstration is accepted by most scholars.[6] We may safely assume, apart from the general tendency of the external evidence, that one and the same author must have written the histories and the Prose *Edda*. A comparison of the names of skalds and skaldic poems mentioned in both works will show that the author of each had a wide acquaintance with the conventional poetic literature of Scandinavia, particularly of Iceland, and that, if we suppose two distinct authors, both men had almost precisely the same poetic equipment. Each of the works under consideration begins with a rationalization of the Odinic myths, and reveals an identity of attitude toward the ancient faith. Furthermore, the careful reader will be charmed with the sinewy style of both the *Heimskringla* and the *Edda*, and will be obliged to admit the close similarity between them in structure and in expression. Finally, Vigfússon has shown that they exhibit occasionally a remarkable identity of phrase.[7]

The Prose Edda is undoubtedly by Snorri. It is preserved in three primary manuscripts: Codex Regius, early fourteenth century; Codex Wormianus, fourteenth century, named from Ole Worm, from whose hands it passed, in 1706, into the hands of Arni Magnússon; and Codex Upsaliensis, about 1300, perhaps a direct copy of Snorri's own text. This last manuscript, and also the Arnamagnæan vellum No. 748, which preserves a portion of the text, testify unmistakably to Snorri's authorship; the Codex even gives, in detail, the subjects of the three divisions of the book.

These three divisions, but for the evidence of the manuscripts, might seem to afford ground for assuming plural authorship. The first part, the *Gylfaginning*, or Beguiling of Gylfi, is an epitome of Odinic mythology,

[6] See *Sturlunga Saga*, vol. i, Proleg., pp. lxxv ff. The limitations of an introduction do not permit an abstract of the discussion in this place

[7] See *Sturlunga Saga*, vol. i, Proleg. pp. lxxvii, and note

cast in the form of a dialogue between Gylfi, a legendary Swedish king, and the triune Odin. Snorri, though a Christian, tells the old pagan tales with obvious-relish, and often, in the enthusiasm of the true antiquary, rises to magnificent heights. Ever and again he fortifies his narrative with citations from the Poetic *Edda*, the great treasure-house of Scandinavian mythological and heroic poetry.

One passes from *Gylfaginning* to *Skáldskaparmál* with very little shock, in spite of the great difference in subject and treatment) which the author has attempted, rather skilfully, to modulate through a second dialogue. The questioner this time is one Ægir; and replies are made by the god Bragi, famed for eloquence and the gift of poetic expression. This intermediate dialogue, called *Bragarædur*, or Bragi's Discourses, strikes the keynote of the entire book, and really reconciles the first section to the second and third, whose dissimilarity to *Gylfaginning* have led some scholars to believe that one or the other is not Snorri's work. The god relates several adventures of the Æsir of the same character as those recounted in *Gylfaginning*, and concludes with a myth concerning the origin of the poetic art. From this point on, barely maintaining the fiction of the dialogue, Snorri makes his work a treatise on the conventional vocabulary and phraseology of skaldship, for the guidance of young skalds.

The third section of the *Edda* is the *Háttatal*, or Enumeration of Metres, and combines three separate songs of praise: one on King Hákon, a second on Skúli Bárdsson, the King's father-in-law and most powerful vassal, and a third celebrating both. Each of the hundred and two stanzas of the work belongs to a distinct metric type or subtype, and between stanzas Snorri has inserted definitions, occasionally longer notes, or comments.

We are now in a position to see the purpose and the artistic unity of the Prose *Edda*: the entire work is a textbook for apprentice poets. *Gylfaginning*, conceived in the true antiquarian spirit, supplies the mythological and legendary background which, in the Christian age that had superseded the vivid old heathen days, a young man might not know or might avoid. "Do not lose sight of these splendid tales of the fathers," Snorri, by implication, says to the youthful bard; "but remember always that these old legends are to be used to point a moral or adorn a tale, and not to be believed, or to be

altered without authority of ancient skalds who knew them. Belief is sin; tampering with tradition is a crime against scholarship."

The second and third sections, *Skáldskaparmál* and *Háttatal*, offer the rules of composition, and drive them home by means of models drawn, in the one case, from acknowledged masters of the craft, in the other, by the example of a complete skaldic trilogy, the work of a man who was accepted by his own time as a worthy successor of Bragi, Kormákr, and Einarr. A needed transition from the literary to the technical portion of the book is supplied by *Bragarædur*, which narrates, in the same spirit as *Gylfaginning*, further useful tales, and concludes with a mythological account of the skaldic art.

Even the Prologue, which many scholars consider spurious, is an integral part of the work--a fact established by Snorri's single address, in the character of the author, to beginners. In this apostrophe he refers to the Prologue: "Remember, these tales are to be used only as Chief Skalds have used them, and must be revered as ancient tradition, but are neither to be believed nor to be tampered with. Regard them as I have indicated *at the beginning of this book*." The beginning of the book is a summary of the Biblical story of the Creation and Deluge, followed by a *rationalized* account of the rise of the ancient pagan faith, according to which the old gods appear, not as deities, but as men.

The word "Edda," as applied to the whole work, has long furnished scholars with material for disputation. The different theories regarding it need not be re-stated here. It is the translator's personal opinion that Magnússon's etymology, if not established, is at least the most satisfactory one likely to be offered. Magnússon[8] points out that Snorri passed the interval between his third and nineteenth years at Oddi, under the fostering of the grandson of Sæmundr the Learned; that Sæmundr, who had studied at Paris, had founded a school at Oddi; that Snorri became the author of a book which was called *Edda*; and that this book contains, in its first section, a prose paraphrase of many of the songs from the Elder or Poetic *Edda*, together with a number of quotations from that work. Now the Poetic *Edda* was

[8] Magnússon's theory, with a summary of all others in the field, was presented in a paper read before the Viking Club on November 15, 1895, published in the Saga Book of that society, and separately printed at London in 1896

ascribed by its earliest recorded possessor, Bishop Brynjólf Sveinsson, to Sæmundr; and while it is improbable that Sæmundr composed the poem, it is highly probable that it once formed part of his library at Oddi. There Snorri may have learned to know it; and we may assume that he gave the prose edition the name of its poetical original. That original, "the mother MS.," he thinks would naturally have been called "the book of, or at Oddi," which would be expressed, in Icelandic, either as "Oddabók," or as "Edda," following, in the latter case, accepted linguistic laws.

Snorri's familiarity with the Elder or Poetic Edda is demonstrated by his frequent quotations
from *Völuspá*, *Hávamál*, *Grímnismál*, *Vafthrúdnismál*, *Alsvinnsmál* or *Alvissmál*, and *Grottasöngr*. He knew *Lokasenna* as well, but confused three stanzas, apparently failing to remember the order in his original. One poem that he mentions is lacking in the Poetic *Edda* as we know it: *Heimdallargaldr*, the Song or Incantation of Heimdallr; moreover, he makes seventeen citations from other poems which, although lost to us, evidently formed portions of the original Eddic collections, or belonged to the same traditional stock. The disappearance of the manuscript which Snorri used is a great loss.

The first translation of the Prose Edda was published at Copenhagen in 1665, when the complete text appeared, with Latin and Danish interpretation. This was entitled *Edda islandorum an. Chr. 1213 islandice conscripta per Snorronem Sturlæ, nunc prinium islandice, danice, et latine ex antiquis codicibus in lucem prodit opera p. J. Resenii*. The standard Danish translation is that of R. Nyerup, Copenhagen, 1865. In 1746, J. Göransson printed at Upsala the first Swedish version, with a Latin translation. Göransson's original was the Codex Upsaliensis. Anders Uppström made an independent translation in 1859.

In 1755-56 there appeared at Copenhagen a work of the greatest importance for the study of Scandinavian antiquities in England: Mallet's *Monumens de la Mythologie et de la Poesie des Celtes et Particulièrement des Aciens Scandinaves*. This book, which comprised a general introduction on the ancient Scandinavian civilization, a translation of Gylfaginning, and a synopsis of Skáldskaparmál and Háttatal, was turned into English by Bishop Percy, under the title of *Northern Antiquities*. Percy claimed to know

Göransson's text as well as the French. *Northern Antiquities* was published at London in 1770, and was reprinted at Edinburgh in 1809, with additions by Sir Walter Scott.

The best-known translation, and the only complete one which is at all trustworthy, is that in Latin, combined, with the Icelandic text, in the Arnamagnæan edition, Copenhagen, 1848-87.

In 1842, G. W. Dasent, the translator of *Njáls Saga*, and a prominent scholar in the Scandinavian field, printed at Stockholm his *Prose or Younger Edda*, which contains a translation of *Gylfaginning* and of the narrative passages of *Skáldskaparmál*. A similarly incomplete English version was printed at Chicago, in 1880, by Rasmus B. Anderson. Professor Anderson also edited a combined translation of both Eddas, the Poetic *Edda* by Benjamin Thorpe, and the Prose *Edda* by I. A. Blackwell. Blackwell's translation, which stops with *Bragarædur*, had first appeared at London in 1847, together with an abstract of *Eyrbyggia Saga* by Scott. Samuel Laing's translation is likewise incomplete.

A French version of *Gylfaginning*, *La Fascination de Gulfi*, was published at Strassburg by F. G. Bergmann. A second edition appeared in 1871.

So far as I can ascertain, the first translation into German was the work of Friedrich Rühs, Berlin, 1812. This contains a long historical introduction, and ends with the story of the Völsungs in *Skáldskaparmál*. Karl Simrock's *Die Jüngere Edda*, published in 1851 and reprinted in 1855, although incomplete, is more accurate than any earlier translation, and is remarkable for its literary excellence. The most scholarly rendering into German is by Hugo Gering, Leipzig, 1892, but unfortunately it includes only the narrative portions of the book.

Until 1900, the best edition of Snorri's *Edda* was by Thórleifr Jónsson, Copenhagen, 1875. This was superseded by Finnur Jónsson's splendid Danish edition. In 1907, Professor Jónsson produced an Icelandic edition, which forms volume xli of the *Íslendinga Sögur*, published at Reykjavík. It was fortunate for me that these last two editions appeared before I began my work. Professor Jónsson provided me with an excellent text; and, second in value only to this, with an index and an invaluable Icelandic prose re-

phrasing of the skaldic verses. I regret exceedingly that the highly technical nature of *Háttatal* forbids translation into English. There are, to be sure, more or less--usually less--accurate translations into Scandinavian and into Latin. Even in the excellent Arnamagnæan edition, many of the glosses are purely conjectural; and any attempt to convey into English a vocabulary which has no equivalent in our language must fail. *Skáldskaparmál*, however, is here presented, complete, for the first time in English.

To those who have helped me I wish to express my deepest appreciation. First of all, to Professor William Henry Schofield I owe a debt of gratitude which is more than four years old, and has increased beyond computation. Dr. Henry Goddard Leach, my first instructor in Scandinavian literature, gave me my greatest single intellectual stimulus, and thereby determined the current of my work. Dr. Frederick W. Lieder, of Harvard University, deserves my thanks for his devoted assistance in reading proof, a task as dreary as it is essential. I am also indebted for valuable suggestions to Mr. H. W. Rabe, of Simmons College.

It is a great satisfaction to acknowledge these debts, incurred in the course of a labor which has been my delight for several years. I should, however, do injustice to those who have aided me, as well as to myself, if I did not assume full responsibility for the faults of the translation. Whatever these may be, I trust that the book may perform some service in bringing before the English reading public a greater portion of Snorri's classic treatise than has previously been accessible. The reader will perceive the value of the *Edda* if he will compare it, for legendary and antiquarian interest, with the *Mabinogion*, and will also realize that the *Edda* is a masterpiece of style,--style that no translator can ever reproduce.

A. G. B.

Cambridge, Massachusetts.
July 1, 1916

PROLOGUE

IN the beginning God created heaven and earth and all those things which are in them; and last of all, two of human kind, Adam and Eve, from whom the races are descended. And their offspring multiplied among themselves and were scattered throughout the earth. But as time passed, the races of men became unlike in nature: some were good and believed on the right; but many more turned after the lusts of the world and slighted God's command. Wherefore, God drowned the world in a swelling of the sea, and all living things, save them alone that were in the ark with Noah. After Noah's flood eight of mankind remained alive, who peopled the earth; and the races descended from them. And it was even as before: when the earth was full of folk and inhabited of many, then all the multitude of mankind began to love greed, wealth, and worldly honor, but neglected the worship of God. Now accordingly it came to so evil a pass that they would not name God; and who then could tell their sons of God's mighty wonders? Thus it happened that they lost the name of God; and throughout the wideness of the world the man was not found who could distinguish in aught the trace of his Creator. But not the less did God bestow upon them the gifts of the earth: wealth and happiness, for their enjoyment in the world; He increased also their wisdom, so that they knew all earthly matters, and every phase of whatsoever they might see in the air and on the earth.

One thing they wondered and pondered over: what it might mean, that the earth and the beasts and the birds had one nature in some ways, and yet were unlike in manner of life. In this was their nature one: that the earth was cleft into lofty mountain-peaks, wherein water spurted up, and it was not needful to dig longer for water there than in the deep valleys; so it is also with beasts and birds: it is equally far to the blood in the head and the feet. Another quality of the earth is, that in each year grass and flowers grow upon the earth, and in the same year all that growth falls away and withers; it is even so with beasts and birds: hair and feathers grow and fall away each year. This is the third nature of the earth, that when it is opened and dug up, the grass grows straightway on the soil which is uppermost on the earth.

Boulders and stones they likened to the teeth and bones of living beings. Thus they recognized that the earth was quick, and had life with some manner of nature of its own; and they understood that she was wondrous old in years and mighty in kind: she nourished all that lived, and she took to herself all that died. Therefore they gave her a name, and traced the number of their generations from her. The same thing, moreover, they learned from their aged kinsmen: that many hundreds of years have been numbered since the same earth yet was, and the same sun and stars of the heavens; but the courses of these were unequal, some having a longer course, and some a shorter.

From things like these the thought stirred within them that there might be some governor of the stars of heaven: one who might order their courses after his will; and that he must be very strong and full of might. This also they held to be true: that if he swayed the chief things of creation, he must have been before the stars of heaven; and they saw that if he ruled the courses of the heavenly bodies, he must also govern the shining of the sun, and the dews of the air, and the fruits of the earth, whatsoever grows upon it; and in like manner the winds of the air and the storms of the sea. They knew not yet where his kingdom was; but this they believed: that he ruled all things on earth and in the sky, the great stars also of the heaven, and the winds of the sea. Wherefore, not only to tell of this fittingly, but also that they might fasten it in memory, they gave names out of their own minds to all things. This belief of theirs has changed in many ways, according as the peoples drifted asunder and their tongues became severed one from another. But all things they discerned with the wisdom of the earth, for the understanding of the spirit was not given to them; this they perceived, that all things were fashioned of some essence.

II

The world was divided into three parts: from the south, extending into the west and bordering on the Mediterranean Sea,--all this part was called Africa, the southern quarter of which is hot, so that it is parched with the sun. The second part, from west to north and bordering on the ocean, is called Európá or Eneá; its northern part is so cold that no grass grows upon it, and no man dwells there. From the north and all down over the eastern

part, even to the south, is called Asia. In that region of the world is all fairness and pride, and the fruits of the earth's increase, gold and jewels. There also is the centre of the earth; and even as the land there is lovelier and better in every way than in other places, so also were the sons of men there most favored with all goodly gifts: wisdom, and strength of the body, beauty, and all manner of knowledge.

III

Near the earth's centre was made that goodliest of homes and haunts that ever have been, which is called Troy, even that which we call Turkland. This abode was much more gloriously made than others, and fashioned with more skill of craftsmanship in manifold wise, both in luxury and in the wealth which was there in abundance. There were twelve kingdoms and one High King, and many sovereignties belonged to each kingdom; in the stronghold were twelve chieftains. These chieftains were in every manly part greatly above other men that have ever been in the world. One king among them was called Múnón or Mennón; and he was wedded to the daughter of the High King Priam, her who was called Tróán; they had a child named Trór, whom we call Thor. He was fostered in Thrace by a certain war-duke called Lóríkus; but when he was ten winters old he took unto him the weapons of his father. He was as goodly to look upon, when he came among other men, as the ivory that is inlaid in oak; his hair was fairer than gold. When he was twelve winters old he had his full measure of strength; then he lifted clear of the earth ten bear-skins all at one time; and then he slew Duke Lóríkus, his foster-father, and with him his wife Lórá, or Glórá, and took into his own hands the realm of Thrace, which we call Thrúdheim. Then he went forth far and wide over the lands, and sought out every quarter of the earth, overcoming alone all berserks and giants, and one dragon, greatest of all dragons, and many beasts. In the northern half of his kingdom he found the prophetess that is called Síbil, whom we call Sif, and wedded her. The lineage of Sif I cannot tell; she was fairest of all women, and her hair was like gold. Their son was Lóridi, who resembled his father; his son was Einridi, his son Vingethor, his son Vingener, his son Móda, his son Magi, his son Seskef, his son Bedvig, his son Athra (whom we call Annarr), his son Ítermann, his son Heremód, his son Skjaldun (whom we call Skjöld),

his son Bjáf (whom we call Bjárr), his son Ját, his son Gudólfr, his son Finn, his son Fríallaf (whom we call Fridleifr); his son was he who is named Vóden, whom we call Odin: he was a man far-famed for wisdom and every accomplishment. His wife was Frígídá, whom we call Frigg.

IV

Odin had second sight, and his wife also; and from their foreknowledge he found that his name should be exalted in the northern part of the world and glorified above the fame of all other kings. Therefore, he made ready to journey out of Turkland, and was accompanied by a great multitude of people, young folk and old, men and women; and they had with them much goods of great price. And wherever they went over the lands of the earth, many glorious things were spoken of them, so that they were held more like gods than men. They made no end to their journeying till they were come north into the land that is now called Saxland; there Odin tarried for a long space, and took the land into his own hand, far and wide.

In that land Odin set up three of his sons for land-wardens. One was named Vegdeg: he was a mighty king and ruled over East Saxland; his son was Vitgils; his sons were Vitta, Heingistr's father, and Sigarr, father of Svebdeg, whom we call Svipdagr. The second son of Odin was Beldeg, whom we call Baldr: he had the land which is now called Westphalia. His son was Brandr, his son Frjódigar, (whom we call Fródi), his son Freóvin, his son Uvigg, his son Gevis (whom we call Gave). Odin's third son is named Sigi, his son Rerir. These the forefathers ruled over what is now called Frankland; and thence is descended the house known as Völsungs. From all these are sprung many and great houses.

Then Odin began his way northward, and came into the land which they called Reidgothland; and in that land he took possession of all that pleased him. He set up over the land that son of his called Skjöldr, whose son was Fridleifr;--and thence descends the house of the Skjöldungs: these are the kings of the Danes. And what was then called Reidgothland is now called Jutland.

V

After that he went northward, where the land is called Sweden; the king there was named Gylfi. When the king learned of the coming of those men of Asia, who were called Æsir, he went to meet them, and made offer to them that Odin should have such power in his realm as he himself wielded. And such well-being followed ever upon their footsteps, that in whatsoever lands they dwelt were good seasons and peace; and all believed that they caused these things, for the lords of the land perceived that they were unlike other men whom they had seen, both in fairness and also in wisdom.

The fields and the choice lands in that place seemed fair to Odin, and he chose for himself the site of a city which is now called Sigtún. There he established chieftains in the fashion which had prevailed in Troy; he set up also twelve head-men to be doomsmen over the people and to judge the laws of the land; and he ordained also all laws as, there had been before, in Troy, and according to the customs of the Turks. After that he went into the north, until he was stopped by the sea, which men thought lay around all the lands of the earth; and there he set his son over this kingdom, which is now called Norway. This king was Sæmingr; the kings of Norway trace their lineage from him, and so do also the jarls and the other mighty men, as is said in the *Háleygjatal*. Odin had with him one of his sons called Yngvi, who was king in Sweden after him; and those houses come from him that are named Ynglings. The Æsir took wives of the land for themselves, and some also for their sons; and these kindreds became many in number, so that throughout Saxland, and thence all over the region of the north, they spread out until their tongue, even the speech of the men of Asia, was the native tongue over all these lands. Therefore men think that they can perceive, from their forefathers' names which are written down, that those names belonged to this tongue, and that the Æsir brought the tongue hither into the northern region, into Norway and into Sweden, into Denmark and into Saxland. But in England there are ancient lists of land-names and place-names which may show that these names came from another tongue than this.

GYLFAGINNING

HERE BEGINS
THE BEGUILING OF GYLFI

I. King Gylfi ruled the land that men now call Sweden. It is told of him that he gave to a wandering woman, in return for her merry-making, a plow-land in his realm, as much as four oxen might turn up in a day and a night. But this woman was of the kin of the Æsir; she was named Gefjun. She took from the north, out of Jötunheim, four oxen which were the soils of a certain giant and, herself, and set them before the plow. And the plow cut so wide and so deep that it loosened up the land; and the oxen drew the land out into the sea and to the westward, and stopped in a certain sound. There Gefjun set the land, and gave it a name, calling it Selund. And from that time on, the spot whence the land had been torn up is water: it is now called the Lögr in Sweden; and bays lie in that lake even as the headlands in Selund. Thus says Bragi, the ancient skald:

Gefjun drew from Gylfi | gladly the wave-trove's free-hold,
Till from the running beasts | sweat reeked, to Denmark's increase;
The oxen bore, moreover, | eight eyes, gleaming brow-lights,
O'er the field's wide: booty, | and four heads in their plowing.

II. King Gylfi was a wise man and skilled in magic; he was much troubled that the Æsir-people were so cunning that all things went according to their will. He pondered whether this might proceed from their own nature, or whether the divine powers which they worshipped might ordain such things. He set out on his way to Ásgard, going secretly, and- clad himself in the likeness of an old man, with which he dissembled. But the Æsir were wiser in this matter, having second sight; and they saw his journeying before ever he came, and prepared against him deceptions of the eye. When he came into the town, he saw there a hall so high that he could not easily make out the top of it: its thatching was laid with golden shields after the fashion of a shingled roof. So also says Thjódólfr of Hvin, that Valhall was thatched with shields:

On their backs they let beam, | sore battered with stones,
Odin's hall-shingles, | the shrewd sea-farers.

In the hall-doorway Gylfi saw a man juggling with anlaces, having seven in the air at one time. This man asked of him his name. He called himself Gangleri, and said he had come by the paths of the serpent, and prayed for lodging for the night, asking: "Who owns the hall?" The other replied that it was their king; "and I will attend thee to see him; then shalt thou thyself ask him concerning his; name;" and the man wheeled about before him into the hall, and he went after, and straightway the door closed itself on his heels. There he saw a great room and much people, some with games, some drinking; and some had weapons and were fighting. Then he looked about him, and thought unbelievable many things which he saw; and he said:

All the gateways | ere one goes out
   Should one scan:
For 't is uncertain | where sit the unfriendly
   On the bench before thee.

He saw three high-seats, each above the other, and three men sat thereon,-one on each. And he asked what might be the name of those lords. He who had conducted him in answered that the one who, sat on the nethermost high-seat was a king, "and his name is Hárr;[1] but the next is named Janhárr;[2] and he who is uppermost is called Thridi."[3] Then Hárr asked the newcomer whether his errand were more than for the meat and drink which were always at his command, as for every one there in the Hall of the High One. He answered that he first desired to learn whether there were any wise man there within. Hárr said, that he should not escape whole from thence unless he were wiser.

And stand thou forth | who speirest;
Who answers, | he shall sit.

III. Gangleri began his questioning thus: "Who is foremost, or oldest, of all the gods?" Hárr answered: "He is called in our speech Allfather, but in the

[1] High
[2] Equally High
[3] Third

Elder Ásgard he had twelve names: one is Allfather; the second is Lord, or Lord of Hosts; the third is Nikarr, or Spear-Lord; the fourth is Nikudr, or Striker; the fifth is Knower of Many Things; the sixth, Fulfiller of Wishes; the seventh, Far-Speaking One; the eighth, The Shaker, or He that Putteth the Armies to Flight; the ninth, The Burner; the tenth, The Destroyer; the eleventh, The Protector; the twelfth, Gelding."

Then asked Gangleri: "Where is this god, or what power hath he, or what hath he wrought that is a glorious deed?" Hárr made answer: "He lives throughout all ages and governs all his realm, and directs all things, great and small." Then said Jafnhárr: "He fashioned heaven and earth and air, and all things which are in them." Then. spake Thridi: "The greatest of all is this: that he made man, and gave him the spirit, which shall live and never perish, though the flesh-frame rot to mould, or burn to ashes; and all men shall live, such as are just in action, and be with himself in the place called Gimlé. But evil men go to Hel and thence down to the Misty Hel; and that is down in the ninth world." Then said Gangleri: "What did he before heaven and earth were made?" And Hárr answered: "He was then with the Rime-Giants."

IV. Gangleri said: "What was the beginning, or how began it, or what was before it?" Hárr answered: "As is told in *Völuspá*:

Erst was the age | when nothing was:
Nor sand nor sea, | nor chilling stream-waves;
Earth was not found, | nor Ether-Heaven,--
A Yawning Gap, | but grass was none."

Then said Jafnhárr: "It was many ages before the earth was shaped that the Mist-World was made; and midmost within it lies the well that is called Hvergelmir, from which spring the rivers called Svöl, Gunnthrá, Fjörm, Fimbulthul, Slídr and Hríd, Sylgr and Ylgr, Víd, Leiptr; Gjöll is hard by Hel-gates." And Thridi said: "Yet first was the world in the southern region, which was named Múspell; it is light and hot; that region is glowing and burning, and impassable to such as are outlanders and have not their holdings there. He who sits there at the land's-end, to defend the land, is called Surtr; he brandishes a flaming sword, and at the end of the world he

shall go forth and harry, and overcome all the gods, and burn all the world with fire; thus is said in *Völuspá*:

Surtr fares from the south | with switch-eating flame,--
On his sword shimmers | the sun of the War-Gods;
The rock-crags crash; | the fiends are reeling;
Heroes tread Hel-way; | Heaven is cloven."

V. Gangleri asked: "How were things wrought, ere the races were and the tribes of men increased?" Then said Hárr: "The streams called Ice-waves, those which were so long come from the fountain-heads that the yeasty venom upon them had hardened like the slag that runs out of the fire,--these then became ice; and when the ice halted and ceased to run, then it froze over above. But the drizzling rain that rose from the venom congealed to rime, and the rime increased, frost over frost, each over the other, even into Ginnungagap, the Yawning Void." Then spake Jafnhárr: "Ginnungagap, which faced toward the northern quarter, became filled with heaviness, and masses of ice and rime, and from within, drizzling rain and gusts; but the southern part of the Yawning Void was lighted by those sparks and glowing masses which flew out of Múspellheim." And Thridi said: "Just as cold arose out of Niflheim, and all terrible things, so also all that looked toward Múspellheim became hot and glowing; but Ginnungagap was as mild as windless air, and when the breath of heat met the rime, so that it melted and dripped, life was quickened from the yeast-drops, by the power of that which sent the heat, and became a man's form. And that man is named Ymir, but the Rime-Giants call him Aurgelimir; and thence are come the races of the Rime-Giants, as it says in *Völuspá the Less*:

All the witches | spring from Witolf,
All the warlocks | are of Willharm,
And the spell-singers | spring from Swarthead;
All the ogres | of Ymir come.

But concerning this says Vafthrúdnir the giant:

Out of the Ice-waves | issued venom-drops,
Waxing until | a giant was;

Thence are our kindred | come all together,--
So it is | they are savage forever."

Then said Gangleri: "How did the races grow thence, or after what fashion was it brought to pass that more men came into being? Or do ye hold him God, of whom ye but now spake?" And Jafnhárr answered: "By no means do we acknowledge him God; he was evil and all his kindred: we call them Rime-Giants. Now it is said that when he slept, a sweat came upon him, and there grew under his left hand a man and a woman, and one of his feet begat a son with the other; and thus the races are come; these are the Rime-Giants. The old Rime-Giant, him we call Ymir."

VI. Then said Gangleri: "Where dwelt Ymir, or wherein did he find sustenance?" Hárr answered: "Straightway after the rime dripped, there sprang from it the cow called Audumla; four streams of milk ran from her udders, and she nourished Ymir." Then asked Gangleri: "Wherewithal was the cow nourished?" And Hárr made answer:

"She licked the ice-blocks, which were salty; and the first day that she licked the blocks, there came forth from the blocks in the evening a man's hair; the second day, a man's head; the third day the whole man was there. He is named Búri: he was fair of feature, great and mighty. He begat a son called Borr, who wedded the woman named Bestla, daughter of Bölthorn the giant; and they had three sons: one was Odin, the second Vili, the third Vé. And this is my belief, that he, Odin, with his brothers, must be ruler of heaven and earth; we hold that he must be so called; so is that man called whom we know to be mightiest and most worthy of honor, and ye do well to let him be so called."

VII. Then said Gangleri: "What covenant was between them, or which was the stronger?" And Hárr answered: "The sons of Borr slew Ymir the giant; lo, where he fell there gushed forth so much blood out of his wounds that with it they drowned all the race of the Rime-Giants, save that one, whom giants call Bergelmir, escaped with his household; he went upon his ship,[4] and his wife with him, and they were safe there. And from them are come the races of the Rime-Giants, as is said here:

[4] Literally, mill-bench or mortar

Untold ages | ere earth was shapen,
Then was Bergelmir born;
That first I recall, | how the famous wise giant
On the deck of the ship was laid down."

VIII. Then said Gangleri: "What was done then by Borr's sons, if thou believe that they be gods?" Hárr replied: "In this matter there is no little to be said. They took Ymir and bore him into the middle of the Yawning Void, and made of him the earth: of his blood the sea and the waters; the land was made of his flesh, and the crags of his bones; gravel and stones they fashioned from his teeth and his grinders and from those bones that were broken." And Jafnhárr said: "Of the blood, which ran and welled forth freely out of his wounds, they made the sea, when they had formed and made firm the earth together, and laid the sea in a ring round. about her; and it may well seem a hard thing to most men to cross over it." Then said Thridi: "They took his skull also, and made of it the heaven, and set it up over the earth with four corners; and under each corner they set a dwarf: the names of these are East, West, North, and South. Then they took the glowing embers and sparks that burst forth and had been cast out of Múspellheim, and set them in the midst of the Yawning Void, in the heaven, both above and below, to illumine heaven and earth. They assigned places to all fires: to some in heaven, some wandered free under the heavens; nevertheless, to these also they gave a place, and shaped them courses. It is said in old "songs, that from these the days were reckoned, and the tale of years told, as is said in *Völuspá*:

The sun knew not | where she had housing;
The moon knew not | what Might he had;
The stars knew not | where stood their places.
Thus was it ere | the earth was fashioned."

Then said Gangleri: These are great tidings which I now hear; that is a wondrous great piece of craftsmanship, and cunningly made. How was the earth contrived?" And Hárr answered: "She is ring-shaped without, and round about her without lieth the deep sea; and along the strand of that sea they gave lands to the races of giants for habitation. But on the inner earth they made a citadel round about the world against the hostility of the

giants, and for their citadel they raised up the brows of Ymir the giant, and called that place Midgard. They took also his brain and cast it in the air, and made from it the clouds, as is here said:

Of Ymir's flesh | the earth was fashioned,
   And of his sweat the sea;
Crags of his bones, | trees of his hair,
   And of his skull the sky.
Then of his brows | the blithe gods made
   Midgard for sons of men;
And of his brain | the bitter-mooded
   Clouds were all created."

IX. Then said Gangleri: "Much indeed they had accomplished then, methinks, when earth and heaven were made, and the sun and the constellations of heaven were fixed, and division was made of days; now whence come the men that people the world?" And Hárr answered: 'When the sons of Borr were walking along the sea-strand, they found two trees, and took up the trees and shaped men of them: the first gave them spirit and life; the second, wit and feeling; the third, form, speech, hearing, and sight. They gave them clothing and names: the male was called Askr, and the female Embla, and of them was mankind begotten, which received a dwelling-place under Midgard. Next they made for themselves in the middle of the world a city which is called Ásgard; men call it Troy. There dwelt the gods and their kindred; and many tidings and tales of it have come to pass both on earth and aloft. There is one abode called Hlidskjálf, and when Allfather sat in the high-seat there, he looked out over the whole world and saw every man's acts, and knew all things which he saw. His wife was called Frigg daughter of Fjörgvinn; and of their blood is come that kindred which we call the races of the Æsir, that have peopled the Elder Ásgard, and those kingdoms which pertain to it; and that is a divine race. For this reason must he be called Allfather: because he is father of all the gods and of men, and of all that was fulfilled of him and of his might. The Earth was his daughter and his wife; on her he begot the first son, which is Ása-Thor: strength and prowess attend him, wherewith he overcometh all living things.

X. "Nörfi or Narfi is the name of a giant that dwelt in Jötunheim: he had a daughter called Night; she was swarthy and dark, as befitted her race. She was given to the man named Naglfari; their son was Audr. Afterward she was wedded to him that was called Annarr; Jörd[5] was their daughter. Last of all Dayspring had her, and he was of the race of the Æsir; their son was Day: he was radiant and fair after his father. Then Allfather took Night, and Day her son, and gave to them two horses and two chariots, and sent them up into the heavens, to ride round about the earth every two half-days. Night rides before with the horse named Frosty-Mane, and on each morning he bedews the earth with the foam from his bit. The horse that Day has is called Sheen-Mane, and he illumines all the air and the earth from his mane."

XI. Then said Gangleri: "How does he govern the course of the sun or of the moon?" Hárr answered: "A certain man was named Mundilfari, who had two children; they were so fair and comely that he called his son Moon, and his daughter Sun, and wedded her to the man called Glenr. But the gods were incensed at that insolence, and took the brother and sister, and set them up in the heavens; they caused Sun to drive those horses that drew the chariot of the sun, which the gods had fashioned, for the world's illumination, from that glowing stuff which flew out of Múspellheim. Those horses are called thus: Early-Wake and All-Strong; and under the shoulders of the horses the gods set two wind-bags to cool them, but in some records that is called 'iron-coolness.' Moon steers the course of the moon, and determines its waxing and waning. He took from the earth-two children, called Bil and Hjúki, they that went from the well called Byrgir, bearing on their shoulders the cask called Sægr, and the pole Simul. Their father is named Vidfinnr. These children follow Moon, as may be seen from the earth."

XII. Then said Gangleri: "The sun fares swiftly, and almost as if she were afraid: she could not hasten her course any the more if she feared her destruction." Then Hárr made answer: "It is no marvel that she hastens furiously: close cometh he that seeks her, and she has no escape save to run away." Then said Gangleri: "Who is he that causes her this disquiet?" Hárr replied: "It is two wolves; and he that runs after her is called Skoll; she fears him, and he shall take her. But he that leaps before her is called Hati

[5] Earth

Hródvitnisson. He is eager to seize the moon; and so it must be." Then said Gangleri: "What is the race of the wolves?" Hárr answered: "A witch dwells to the east of Midgard, in the forest called Ironwood: in that wood dwell the troll-women, who are known as Ironwood-Women. The old witch bears many giants for sons, and all in the shape of wolves; and from this source are these wolves sprung. The saying runs thus: from this race shall come one that shall be mightiest of all, he that is named Moon-Hound; he shall be filled with the flesh of all those men that die, and he shall swallow the moon, and sprinkle with blood the heavens and all the lair; thereof-shall the sun lose her shining, and the winds in that day shall be unquiet and roar on every side. So it says in *Völuspá*:

Eastward dwells the Old One | in Ironwood,
And there gives birth | to Fenrir's brethren;
There shall spring of them all | a certain one,
The moon's taker | in troll's likeness.

He is filled with flesh | of fey men.
Reddens the gods' seats | with ruddy blood-gouts;
Swart becomes sunshine | in summers after,
The weather all shifty. | Wit ye yet, or what?"

XIII. Then said Gangleri: "What is the way to heaven from earth?" Then Hárr answered, and laughed aloud: "Now, that is not wisely asked; has it not been told thee, that the gods made a bridge from earth, to heaven, called Bifröst? Thou must have seen it; it may be that ye call it rainbow.' It is of three colors, and very strong, and made with cunning and with more magic art than other works of craftsmanship. But strong as it is, yet must it be broken, when the sons of Múspell shall go forth harrying and ride it, and swim their horses over great rivers; thus they shall proceed." Then said Gangleri: "To my thinking the gods did not build the bridge honestly, seeing that it could be broken, and they able to make it as they would." Then Hárr replied: "The gods are not deserving of reproof because of this work of skill: a good bridge is Bifröst, but nothing in this world is of such nature that it may be relied on when the sons of Múspell go a-harrying."

XIV. Then said Gangleri: "What did Allfather then do when Ásgard was made?" Hárr answered: "In the beginning he established rulers, and bade them ordain fates with him, and give counsel concerning the planning of the town; that was in the place which is called Ida-field, in the midst of the town. It was their first work to make that court in which their twelve seats stand, and another, the high-seat which Allfather himself has. That house is the best-made of any on earth, and the greatest; without and within, it is all like one piece of gold; men call it Gladsheim. They made also a second hall: that was a shrine which the goddesses had, and it was a very fair house; men call it Vingólf. Next they fashioned a house, wherein they placed a forge, and made besides a hammer, tongs, and anvil, and by means of these, all other tools. After this they smithied metal and stone and wood, and wrought so abundantly that metal which is called gold, that they had all their household ware and all dishes of gold; and that time is called the Age of Gold, before it was spoiled by the coming of the Women, even those who came out of Jötunheim. Next after this, the gods enthroned themselves in their seats and held judgment, and called to mind whence the dwarves had quickened in the mould and underneath in the earth, even as do maggots in flesh. The dwarves had first received shape and life in the flesh of Ymir, and were then maggots; but by decree of the gods had become conscious with the intelligence of men, and had human shape. And nevertheless they dwell in the earth and in stones. Módsognir was the first, and Durinn the second; so it says in *Völuspá*.

Then strode all the mighty | to the seats of judgment,
The gods most holy, | and together held counsel,
Who should of dwarves | shape the peoples
From the bloody surge | and the Blue One's bones. They made many in man's likeness, Dwarves in the earth, | as Durinn said.

And these, says the Sibyl, are their names:

Nýi and Nidi, | Nordri and Sudri,
Austri, Vestri, | Althjófr, Dvalinn;
Nár, Náinn, | Nípingr, Dáinn,
Bifurr, Báfurr, | Bömburr, Nóri,
Óri, Ónarr, | Óinn, Mjödvitnir,

Viggr and Gandálfr, | Vindálfr, Thorinn,
Fíli, Kíli, | Fundinn, Váli;
Thrór, Thróinn, | Thekkr, Litr and Vitr,
Nýr, Nýrádr, | Rekkr, Rádsvidr.

And these also are dwarves and dwell in stones, but the first in mould:

| Draupnir, Dólgthvari,
Hörr, Hugstari, | Hledjólfr, Glóinn;
Dóri, Óri, | Dúfr, Andvari,
Heptifíli, | Hárr, Svíarr.

And these proceed from Svarinshaugr to Aurvangar on Jöruplain, and thence is Lovarr come; these are their names:

Skirfir, Virfir | Skáfidr, Ái,
Álfr, Yngvi, | Eikinskjaldi,
Falr, Frosti, | Fidr, Ginnarr."

XV. Then said Gangleri: "Where is the chief abode or holy place of the gods?" Hárr answered: 'That is at the Ash of Yggdrasill; there the gods must give judgment everyday." Then Gangleri asked: "What is to be said concerning that place?" Then said Jafnhárr: "The Ash is greatest of all trees and best: its limbs spread out over all the world and stand above heaven. Three roots of the tree uphold it and stand exceeding broad: one is among the Æsir; another among the Rime-Giants, in that place where aforetime was the Yawning Void; the third stands over Niflheim, and under that root is Hvergelmir, and Nídhöggr gnaws the root from below. But under that root which turns toward the Rime-Giants is Mímir's Well, wherein wisdom and understanding are stored; and he is called Mímir, who keeps the well. He is full of ancient lore, since he drinks of the well from the Gjallar-Horn. Thither came Allfather and craved one drink of the well; but he got it not until he had laid his eye in pledge. So says *Völuspá*:

All know I, Odin, | where the eye thou hiddest,
In the wide-renowned | well of Mímir;
Mímir drinks mead | every morning
From Valfather's wage. | Wit ye yet, or what?

The third root of the Ash stands in heaven; and under that root is the well which is very holy, that is called the Well of Urdr; there the gods hold their tribunal. Each day the Æsir ride thither up over Bifröst, which is also called the Æsir's Bridge. These are the names of the Æsir's steeds: Sleipnir[6] is best, which Odin has; he has eight feet. The second is Gladr, [7] the third Gyllir, [8] the fourth Glenr, [9] the fifth Skeidbrimir,[10] the sixth Silfrintoppr, [11] the seventh Sinir,[12] the eighth Gisl,[13] the ninth Falhófnir,[14] the tenth. Gulltoppr,[15] the eleventh Léttfeti.[16] Baldr's horse was burnt with him; and Thor walks to the judgment, and wades those rivers which are called thus:

Körmt and Örmt | and the Kerlaugs twain,
   Them shall Thor wade
Every day | when he goes to doom
   At Ash Yggdrasill;
For the Æsir's Bridge | burns all with flame,
   And the holy waters howl."

Then said Gangleri: "Does fire burn over Bifröst?" Hárr replied: "That which thou seest to be red in the bow is burning fire; the Hill-Giants might go up to heaven, if passage on Bifröst were open to all those who would cross. There are many fair places in heaven, and over everything there a godlike watch is kept. A hall stands there, fair, under the ash by the well, and out of that hall come three maids, who are called thus: Urdr,[17] Verdandi,[18] Skuld;[19] these maids determine the period of men's lives: we call them Norns; but there are many norns: those who come to each child that is born, to appoint his life; these are of the race of the gods, but the second are of the Elf-people, and the third are of the kindred of the dwarves, as it is said here:

[6] The Slipper
[7] Bright or Glad
[8] Golden
[9] The Starer
[10] Fleet Courser
[11] Silver-top
[12] Sinewy
[13] Beam, Ray
[14] Hairy-hoof
[15] Gold-top
[16] Light-stepper
[17] Past
[18] Present
[19] Future

Most sundered in birth | I say the Norns are;
They claim no common kin:
Some are of Æsir-kin, | some are of Elf-kind,
Some are Dvalinn's daughters."

Then said Gangleri: "If the Norns determine the weirds of men, then they apportion exceeding unevenly, seeing that some have a pleasant and luxurious life, but others have little worldly goods or fame; some have long life, others short." Hárr said: "Good norns and of honorable race appoint good life; but those men that suffer evil fortunes are governed by evil norns."

XVI. Then said Gangleri: "What more mighty wonders are to be told of the Ash?" Hárr replied: "Much is to be told of it. An eagle sits in the limbs of the Ash, and he has understanding of many a thing; and between his eyes sits the hawk that is called Vedrfölnir. The squirrel called Ratatöskr runs up and down the length of the Ash, bearing envious words between the eagle and Nídhöggr; and four harts run in the limbs of the Ash and bite the leaves. They are called thus: Dáinn, Dvalinn, Duneyrr, Durathrór. Moreover, so many serpents are in Hvergelmir with Nídhöggr, that no tongue can tell them, as is here said:

Ash Yggdrasill | suffers anguish,
More than men know of:

The stag bites above; | on the side it rotteth,
And Nídhöggr gnaws from below.

And it is further said:

More serpents lie | under Yggdrasill's stock
Than every unwise ape can think:
Góinn and Móinn | (they're Grafvitnir's sons),
Grábakr and Grafvölludr;
Ófnir and Sváfnir | I think shall aye
Tear the trunk's twigs.

It is further said that these Norns who dwell by the Well of Urdr take water of the well every day, and with it that clay which lies about the well, and

sprinkle it over the Ash, to the end that its limbs shall not wither nor rot; for that water is so holy that all things which come there into the well become as white as the film which lies within the egg-shell,--as is here said:

I know an Ash standing | called Yggdrasill,
A high tree sprinkled | with snow-white clay;
Thence come the dews | in the dale that fall--
It stands ever green | above Urdr's Well.

That dew which falls from it onto the earth is called by men honey-dew, and thereon are bees nourished. Two fowls are fed in Urdr's Well: they are called Swans, and from those fowls has come the race of birds which is so called."

XVII. Then said Gangleri: "Thou knowest many tidings to tell of the heaven. What chief abodes are there more than at Urdr's Well?" Hárr said: "Many places are there, and glorious. That which is called Álfheimr [20] is one, where dwell the peoples called Light-Elves; but the Dark-Elves dwell down in the earth, and they are unlike in appearance, but by far more unlike in nature. The Light-Elves are fairer to look upon than the sun, but the Dark-Elves are blacker than pitch. Then there is also in that place the abode called Breidablik,[21] and there is not in heaven a fairer dwelling. There, too, is the one called Glitnir,[22] whose walls, and all its posts and pillars, are of red gold, but its roof of silver. There is also the abode called Himinbjörg;[23] it stands at heaven's end by the bridge-head, in the place where Bifröst joins heaven. Another great abode is there, which is named Valaskjálf;[24] Odin possesses that dwelling; the gods made it and thatched it with sheer silver, and in this hall is the Hlidskjálf,[25] the high-seat so called. Whenever Allfather sits in that seat, he surveys all lands. At the southern end of heaven is that hall which is fairest of all, and brighter than the sun; it is called Gimlé.[26] It shall stand when both heaven and earth have departed; and good men and of righteous conversation shall dwell therein: so it is said in*Völuspá*.--

[20] Elf-home
[21] Broad-gleaming
[22] Glittering
[23] Heaven-crag
[24] Seat or shelf of the Fallen
[25] Gate-seat
[26] Either dative of *Himill* = Heaven (?) (Cl.-Vig.), or Gem-decked (Bugge).

A hall I know standing | than the sun fairer,
Thatched with gold | in Gimlé bright;
There shall dwell | the doers of righteousness
And ever and ever | enjoy delight."

Then said Gangleri: "What shall guard this place, when the flame of Surtr shall consume heaven and earth?" Hárr answered: "It is sad that another heaven is to the southward and upward of this one, and it is called Andlangr;[27] but the third heaven is yet above that, and it is called Vídbláinn,[28] and in that heaven we think this abode is. But we believe that none but Light-Elves inhabit these mansions now."

XVIII. Then said Gangleri: "Whence comes the wind? It is strong, so that it stirs great seas, and it swells fire; but, strong as it is, none may see it, for it is wonderfully shapen." Then said Hárr: "That I am well able to tell thee. At the northward end of heaven sits the giant called Hræsvelgr: he has the plumes of an eagle, and when he stretches his wings for flight, then the wind rises from under his wings, as is here said:

Hræsvelgr hight he | who sits at heaven's ending,
   Giant in eagle's coat;
From his wings, they say, | the wind cometh
   All men-folk over."

XIX. Then said Gangleri: "Why is there so much difference, that summer should be hot, but winter cold?" Hárr answered: "A wise man would not ask thus, seeing that all are able to tell this; but if thou alone art become-so slight of understanding as not to have heard it, then I will yet permit that thou shouldst rather ask foolishly once, than that thou shouldst be kept longer in ignorance of a thing which it is proper to know. He is called Svásudr[29] who is father of Summer; and he is of pleasant nature, so that from his name whatsoever is pleasant is called 'sweet.'

[27] Wide-reaching, extensive
[28] Wide-blue
[29] Delightful

But the father of Winter is variously called Vindljóni [30] or Vindsvalr;[31] he is the son of Vásadr;[32] and these were kinsmen grim and chilly-breasted, and Winter has their temper."

XX. Then said Gangleri: "Who are the Æsir, they in whom it behoves men to believe?" Hárr answered: "The divine Æsir are twelve." Then said Jafnhárr: "Not less holy are the Ásynjur, the goddesses, and they are of no less authority." Then said Thridi: "Odin is highest and eldest of the Æsir: he rules all things, and mighty as are the other gods, they all serve him as children obey a father. Frigg is his wife, and she knows all the fates of men, though she speaks no prophecy,--as is said here, when Odin himself spake with him of the Æsir whom men call Loki:

Thou art mad now, | Loki, and reft of mind,--
   Why, Loki, leav'st thou not off?
Frigg, methinks, | is wise in all fates,
   Though herself say them not!

Odin is called Allfather because he is father of all the gods. He is also called Father of the Slain, because all those that fall in battle are the sons of his adopt on; for them he appoints Valhall[33] and Vingólf,[34] and they are then called Champions. He is also called God of the Hanged, God of Gods, God of Cargoes; and he has also been named in many more ways, after he had come to King Geirrödr:

We were called Grímr | and Gangleri,
   Herjann, Hjálmberi;
Thekkr, Thridi, | Thudr, Udr,
   Helblindi, Hárr.

Sadr, Svipall, | Sann-getall,
   Herteitr, Hnikarr;
Bileygr, Báleygr, | Bölverkr, Fjölnir,
   Grímnir, Glapsvidr, Fjölsvidr.

[30] Wind-bringer? (Simrock).
[31] Wind-chill
[32] Wet and sleety (Cl.-Vig.).
[33] Hall of the Slain
[34] Friendly Floor.

Sídhöttr, Sidskeggr, | Sigfödr, Hnikudr,
   Alfödr, Atrídr, Farmatýr;
Óski, Ómi, | Jafnhárr, Biflindi,
   Göndlir, Hárbardr.

Svidurr, Svidrir, | Jálkr, Kjalarr, Vidurr,
   Thrór, Yggr, Thundr;
Vakr, Skilfingr, | Váfudr, Hroptatýr,
   Gautr, Veratýr."

Then said Gangleri: "Exceeding many names have ye given him; and, by my faith, it must indeed be a goodly wit that knows all the lore and the examples of what chances have brought about each of these names." Then Hárr made answer: "It is truly a vast sum of knowledge to gather [35] together and set forth fittingly. But it is briefest to tell thee that most of his names have been given him by reason of this chance: there being so many branches of tongues in the world, all peoples believed that it was needful for them to turn his name into their own tongue, by which they might the better invoke him and entreat him on their own behalf. But some occasions for these names arose in his wanderings; and that matter is recorded in tales. Nor canst thou ever be called a wise man if thou shalt not be able to tell of those great events."

XXI. Then said Gangleri: "What are the names of the other Æsir, or what is their office, or what deeds of renown have they done?" Hárr answered: "Thor is the foremost of them, he that is called Thor of the Æsir, or Öku-Thor; he is strongest of all the gods and men. He has his realm in the place called Thrúdvangar [36], and his hall is called Bilskirnir;[37] in that hall are five hundred rooms and forty. That is the greatest house that men know of; It is thus said in Grímnismál:

Five hundred floors | and more than forty,
   So reckon I Bilskirnir with bending ways;

[35] Literally, to rake into rows
[36] Plains of strength
[37] From the flashing of light

Of those houses | that I know of hall-roofed,
  My son's I know the most.

Thor has two he-goats, that are called Tooth-Gnasher and Tooth-Gritter, and a chariot wherein he drives, and the he-goats draw the chariot; therefore is he called Öku-Thor.[38] He has also three things of great price: one is the hammer Mjöllnir, which the Rime-Giants and the Hill-Giants know, when it is raised on high; and that is no wonder, it has bruised many a skull among their fathers or their kinsmen. He has a second costly thing, best of all: the girdle of might; and when he clasps it about him, then the godlike strength within him is increased by half. Yet a third thing he has, in which there is much virtue: his iron gloves; he cannot do without them when he uses his hammer-shaft. But no one is so wise that he can tell all his mighty works; yet I can tell thee so much tidings of him that the hours would be spent before all that I know were told."

XXII. Then said Gangleri: "I would ask tidings of more Æsir." Hárr replied: "The second son of Odin is Baldr, and good things are to be said of him. He is best, and all praise him; he is so fair of feature, and so bright, that light shines from him. A certain herb is so white that it is likened to Baldr's brow; of all grasses it is whitest, and by it thou mayest judge his fairness, both in hair and in body. He is the wisest of the Æsir, and the fairest-spoken and most gracious; and that quality attends him, that none may gainsay his judgments. He dwells in the place called Breidablik,[39] which is in heaven; in that place may nothing unclean be, even as is said here:

Breidablik 't is called, | where Baldr has
  A hall made for himself:
In that land | where I know lie
  Fewest baneful runes.

XXIII. "The third among the Æsir is he that is called Njördr: he dwells in heaven, in the abode called Nóatún. He rules the course of the wind, and stills sea and fire; on him shall men call for voyages and for hunting. He is so

[38] According to Cleasby-Vigfússon, a popular etymology. "*Öku* is not to be derived from *áka* (to drive), but is rather of Finnish origin, *Ukko* being the Thunder-god of the Chudic tribes." Jónsson, however, allows Snorri's etymology to stand

[39] Broad-gleaming

prosperous and abounding in wealth, that he may give them great plenty of lands or of gear; and him shall men invoke for such things. Njördr is not of the race of the Æsir: he was reared in the land of the Vanir, but the Vanir delivered him as hostage to the gods, and took for hostage in exchange him that men call Hœnir; he became an atonement between the gods and the Vanir. Njördr has to wife the woman called Skadi, daughter of Thjazi the giant. Skadi would fain dwell in the abode which her father had had, which is on certain mountains, in the place called Thrymheimr; but Njördr would be near the sea. They made a compact on these terms: they should be nine nights in Thrymheimr, but the second nine at Nóatún. But when Njördr came down from the mountain back to Nóatún, he sang this lay:

Loath were the hills to me, | I was not long in them,
Nights only nine;
To me the wailing of | wolves seemed ill,
After the song of swans.

Then Skadi sang this:

Sleep could I never | on the sea-beds,
For the wailing of waterfowl;
He wakens me, | who comes from the deep--
The sea-mew every morn.

Then Skadi went up onto the mountain, and dwelt in Thrymheimr. And she goes for the more part on snowshoes and with a bow and arrow, and shoots beasts; she is called Snowshoe-Goddess or Lady of the Snowshoes. So it is said:

Thrymheimr 't is called, | where Thjazi dwelt,
He the hideous giant;
But now Skadi abides, | pure bride of the gods,
In her father's ancient freehold.

XXIV. "Njördr in Nóatún begot afterward two children: the son was called Freyr, and the daughter Freyja; they were fair of face and mighty. Freyr is the most renowned of the Æsir; he rules over the rain and the shining of the sun, and therewithal the fruit of the earth; and it is good to call on him for

fruitful seasons and peace. He governs also the prosperity of men. But Freyja is the most renowned of the goddesses; she has in heaven the dwelling called Fólkvangr,[40] and wheresoever she rides to the strife, she has one-half of the kill, and Odin half, as is here said:

Fólkvangr 't is called, | where Freyja rules
   Degrees of seats in the hall;
Half the kill | she keepeth each day,
   And half Odin hath.

Her hall Sessrúmnir [41] is great and fair. When she goes forth, she drives her cats and sits in a chariot; she is most conformable to man's prayers, and from her name comes the name of honor, Frú, by which noblewomen are called. Songs of love are well-pleasing to her; it is good to call on her for furtherance in love."

XXV. Then said Gangleri: "Great in power do these Æsir seem to me; nor is it a marvel, that much authority attends you who are said to possess understanding of the gods, and know which one men should call on for what boon soever. Or are the gods yet more?" Hárr said: "Yet remains that one of the Æsir who is called Týr: he is most daring, and best in stoutness of heart, and he has much authority over victory in battle; it is good for men of valor to invoke him. It is a proverb, that he is Týr-valiant, who surpasses other men and does not waver. He is wise, so that it is also said, that he that is wisest is Týr-prudent. This is one token of his daring: when the Æsir enticed Fenris-Wolf to take upon him the fetter Gleipnir, the wolf did not believe them, that they would loose him, until they laid Týr's hand into his mouth as a pledge. But when the Æsir would not loose him, then he bit off the hand at the place now called 'the wolf's joint;' and Týr is one-handed, and is not called a reconciler of men.

XXVI. "One is called Bragi: he is renowned for wisdom, and most of all for fluency of speech and skill with words. He knows most of skaldship, and after him skaldship is called *bragr*,[42] and from his name that one is

[40] Folk-plain, Host-plain
[41] Seat-roomy
[42] *Bragr*, as a noun, means "poetry" as an adjective, it seems to mean "foremost" (Cl.-Vig.). Thus the phrase *bragr karla* seems to be "foremost of men," with apparent reference to poetic preëminence

called *bragr*-man or -woman, who possesses eloquence surpassing others, of women or of men. His wife is Idunn: she guards in her chest of ash those apples which the gods must taste whensoever they grow old; and then they all become young, and so it shall be even unto the Weird of the Gods." Then said Gangleri: "A very great thing, methinks, the gods entrust to the watchfulness and good faith of Idunn." Then said Hárr, laughing loudly: "'T was near being desperate once; I may be able to tell thee of it, but now thou shalt first hear more of the names of the Æsir.

XXVII. "Heimdallr is the name of one: he is called the White God. He is great and holy; nine maids, all sisters, bore him for a son. He is also called Hallinskídi [43] and Gullintanni;[44] his teeth were of gold, and his horse is called Gold-top. He dwells in the place called Himinbjörg,[45] hard by Bifröst: he is the warder of the gods, and sits there by heaven's end to guard the bridge from the Hill-Giants. He needs less sleep than a bird; he sees equally well night and day a hundred leagues from him, and hears how grass grows on the earth or wool on sheep, and everything that has a louder sound. He has that trumpet which is called Gjallar-Horn, and its blast is heard throughout all worlds. Heimdallr's sword is called Head. It is said further:

Himinbjörg 't is called, | where Heimdallr, they say,
   Aye has his housing;
There the gods' sentinel | drinks in his snug hall
   Gladly good mead.

And furthermore, he himself says in *Heimdalar-galdr*:

I am of nine | mothers the offspring,
Of sisters nine | am I the son.

XXVIII. "One of the Æsir is named Hödr: he is blind. He is of sufficient strength, but the gods would desire that no occasion should rise of naming this god, for the work of his hands shall long be held in memory among gods and men.

[43] Ram (Cl.-Vig.).
[44] Golden-teeth
[45] Heaven-fells

XXIX. "Vídarr is the name of one, the silent god. He has a thick shoe. He is nearly as strong as Thor; in him the gods have great trust in all struggles.

XXX. "One is called Áli or Váli, son of Odin and Rindr: he is daring in fights, and a most fortunate marksman.

XXXI. "One is called Ullr, son of Sif, step-son of Thor; he is so excellent a bowman, and so swift on snowshoes, that none may contend with him. He is also fair of aspect and has the accomplishments of a warrior; it is well to call on him in single-combats.

XXXII. "Forseti is the name of the son of Baldr and Nanna daughter of Nep: he has that hall in heaven which is called Glitnir. All that come to him with such quarrels as arise out of law-suits, all these return thence reconciled. That is the best seat of judgment among gods and men; thus it is said here:

A hall is called Glitnir, | with gold 't is pillared,
   And with silver thatched the same;
There Forseti bides | the full day through,
   And puts to sleep all suits.

XXXIII. "Also numbered among the Æsir is he whom some call the mischief-monger of the Æsir, and the first father of falsehoods, and blemish of all gods and men: he is named Loki or Loptr, son of Fárbauti the giant; his mother was Laufey or Nál; his brothers are Býleistr and Helblindi. Loki is beautiful and comely to look upon, evil in spirit., very fickle in habit. He surpassed other men in that wisdom which is called 'sleight,' and had artifices for all occasions; he would ever bring the Æsir into great hardships, and then get them out with crafty counsel. His wife was called Sigyn, their son Nari or Narfi.

XXXIV. Yet more children had Loki. Angrboda was the name of a certain giantess in Jötunheim, with whom Loki gat three children: one was Fenris-Wolf, the second Jörmungandr--that is the Midgard Serpent,--the third is Hel. But when the gods learned that this kindred was nourished in Jötunheim, and when the gods perceived by prophecy that from this kindred great misfortune should befall them; and since it seemed to all that there was great prospect of ill--(first from the mother's blood, and yet

worse from the father's)-then Allfather sent gods thither to take the children and bring them to him. When they came to him, straightway he cast the serpent into the deep sea, where he lies about all the land; and this serpent grew so greatly that he lies in the midst of the ocean encompassing all the land, and bites upon his own tail. Hel he cast into Niflheim, and gave to her power over nine worlds, to apportion all abodes among those that were sent to her: that is, men dead of sickness or of old age. She has great possessions there; her walls are exceeding high and her gates great. Her hall is called Sleet-Cold; her dish, Hunger; Famine is her knife; Idler, her thrall; Sloven, her maidservant; Pit of Stumbling, her threshold, by which one enters; Disease, her bed; Gleaming Bale, her bed-hangings. She is half blue-black and half flesh-color (by which she is easily recognized), and very lowering and fierce.

The Wolf the Æsir brought up at home, and Týr alone dared go to him to give him meat. But when the gods saw. how much he grew every day, and when all prophecies declared that he was fated to be their destruction, then the Æsir seized upon this way of escape: they made a very strong fetter, which they called Lædingr, and brought it before the Wolf, bidding him try his strength against the fetter. The Wolf thought that no overwhelming odds, and let them do with him as they would. The first time the Wolf lashed out against it, the fetter broke; so he was loosed out of Lædingr. After this, the Æsir made a second fetter, stronger by half, which they called Drómi, and bade the Wolf try that fetter, saying he would become very famous for strength, if such huge workmanship should not suffice to hold him. But the Wolf thought that this fetter was very strong; he considered also that strength had increased in him since the time he broke Lædingr: it came into his mind, that he must expose himself to danger, if he would become famous. So he let the fetter be laid upon him. Now when the Æsir declared themselves ready, the Wolf shook himself, dashed the fetter against the earth and struggled fiercely with it, spurned against it, and broke the fetter, so that the fragments flew far. So he dashed himself out of Drómi. Since then it passes as a proverb, 'to loose out of Lædingr,' or 'to dash out of Drómi,' when anything is exceeding hard.

"After that the Æsir feared that they should never be able to get the Wolf bound. Then Allfather sent him who is called Skírnir, Freyr's messenger, down into the region of the Black Elves, to certain dwarves, and caused to be made the fetter named Gleipnir. It was made of six things: the noise a cat makes in foot-fall, the beard of a woman, the roots of a rock, the sinews of a bear, the breath of a fish, and the spittle of a bird. And though thou understand not these matters already, yet now thou mayest speedily find certain proof herein, that no lie is told thee: thou must have seen that a woman has no beard, and no sound comes from the leap of a cat, and there are no roots under a rock; and by my troth, all that I have told thee is equally true, though there be some things which thou canst not put to the test."

Then said Gangleri: "This certainly I can perceive to be true: these things which thou hast taken for proof, I can see; but how was the fetter fashioned?" Hárr answered: "That I am well able to tell thee. The fetter was soft and smooth as a silken ribbon, but as sure and strong as thou shalt now hear. Then, when the fetter was brought to the Æsir, they thanked the messenger well for his errand. Then the Æsir went out upon the lake called Ámsvartnir, to the island called Lyngvi, and summoning the Wolf with them, they showed him the silken ribbon and bade him burst it, saying that it was somewhat stouter than appeared from its thickness. And each passed it to the others, and tested it with the strength of their hands and it did not snap; yet they said the Wolf could break it. Then the Wolf answered: 'Touching this matter of the ribbon, it seems to me that I shall get no glory of it, though I snap asunder so slender a band; but if it be made with cunning and wiles, then, though it seem little, that band shall never come upon my feet.' Then the Æsir answered that he could easily snap apart a slight silken band, he who had before broken great fetters of iron,--'but if thou shalt not be able to burst this band, then thou wilt not be able to frighten the gods; and then we shall unloose thee.' The Wolf said: 'If ye bind me so that I shall not get free again, then ye will act in such a way that it will be late ere I receive help from you; I am unwilling that this band should be laid upon me. Yet rather than that ye should impugn my courage, let some one of you lay his hand in my mouth, for a pledge that this is done in good faith.' Each of the Æsir looked at his neighbor, and none was willing to part with his hand, until Týr stretched out his right hand and laid it in the Wolf's mouth. But when

the Wolf lashed out, the fetter became hardened; and the more he struggled against it, the tighter the band was. Then all laughed except Týr: he lost his hand.

"When the Æsir saw that the Wolf was fully bound, they took the chain that was fast to the fetter, and which is called Gelgja, and passed it through a great rock--it is called Gjöll--and fixed the rock deep down into the earth. Then they took a great stone and drove it yet deeper into the earth--it was called Thviti--and used the stone for a fastening-pin. The Wolf gaped terribly, and thrashed about and strove to bite them; they thrust into his mouth a certain sword: the guards caught in his lower jaw, and the point in the upper; that is his gag. He howls hideously, and slaver runs out of his mouth: that is the river called Ván; there he lies till the Weird of the Gods." Then said Gangleri: 'Marvellous ill children did Loki beget, but all these brethren are of great might. Yet why did not the Æsir kill the Wolf, seeing they had expectation of evil from him?" Hárr answered: "So greatly did the gods esteem their holy place and sanctuary, that they would not stain it with the Wolf's blood; though (so say the prophecies) he shall be the slayer of Odin."

XXXV. Then said Gangleri: "Which are the Ásynjur? Hárr said: "Frigg is the foremost: she has that estate which is called Fensalir, and it is most glorious. The second is Sága: she dwells at Søkkvabekkr, and that is a great abode. The third is Fir: she is the best physician. The fourth is Gefjun: she is a virgin, and they that die maidens attend her. The fifth is Fulla: she also is a maid, and goes with loose tresses and a golden band about her head; she bears the ashen coffer of Frigg, and has charge over her footgear, and knows her secret counsel. Freyja is most gently born (together with Frigg): she is wedded to the man named Ódr. Their daughter is Hnoss: she is so fair, that those things which are fair and precious are called *hnossir*. Ódr went away on long journeys, and Freyja weeps for him, and her tears are red gold. Freyja has many names, and this is the cause thereof: that she gave herself sundry names, when she went out among unknown peoples seeking Ódr: she is called Mardöll and Hörn, Gefn, Sýr. Freyja had the necklace Brísinga-men. She is also called Lady of the Vanir. The seventh is Sjöfn: she is most diligent in turning the thoughts of men to love, both of women and of men; and from her name love-longing is called *sjafni*. The eighth is Lofn: she is so

gracious and kindly to those that call upon her, that she wins Allfather's or Frigg's permission for the coming together of mankind in marriage, of women and of men, though it were forbidden before, or seem flatly denied; from her name such permission is called 'leave,' and thus also she is much 'loved' of men. The ninth is Vár: she harkens to the oaths and compacts made between men and women; wherefore such covenants are called 'vows.' She also takes vengeance on those who perjure themselves. The tenth is Vör: she is wise and of searching spirit, so that none can conceal anything from her; it is a saying, that a woman becomes 'ware' of that of which she is informed. The eleventh is Syn: she keeps the door in the hall, and locks it before those who should not go in; she is also set at trials as a defence against such suits as she wishes to refute: thence is the expression, that *syn* [46] is set forward, when a man denies. The twelfth is Hlín: she is established as keeper over those men whom Frigg desires to preserve from any danger; thence comes the saying, that he who escapes 'leans.' Snotra is thirteenth: she is prudent and of gentle bearing; from her name a woman or a man who is moderate is called *snotr*.[47] The fourteenth is Gná: her Frigg sends into divers lands on her errands; she has that horse which runs over sky and sea and is called Hoof-Tosser. Once when she was riding, certain of the Vanir saw her course in the air; then one spake:

What flieth there? | What fareth there,
   Or glideth in the air?

She made answer:

I fly not, | though I fare
   And in the air glide
On Hoof-Tosser, | him that Hamskerpir
   Gat with Gardrofa.

From Gná's name that which soars high is said to *gnæfa*.[48] Sól and Bil are reckoned among the Ásynjur, but their nature has been told before.

[46] Denial, refutation
[47] Wise, prudent
[48] Project, be eminent, tower

XXXVI. "There are also those others whose office it is to serve in Valhall, to bear drink and mind the table-service and ale-flagons; thus are they named in *Grímnismál*:

Hrist and Mist | I would have bear the horn to me,
   Skeggjöld and Skögull;
Hildr and Thrúdr, | Hlökk and Herfjötur,
   Göll and Geirahöd,
Randgrídr and Rádgrídr | and Reginleif
   These bear the Einherjar ale.

These are called Valkyrs: them Odin sends to every battle; they determine men's feyness and award victory. Gudr and Róta and the youngest Norn, she who is called Skuld, ride ever to take the slain and decide fights. Jörd, the mother of Thor, and Rindr, Váli's mother, are reckoned among the Ásynjur.

XXXVII. "A certain man was called Gýmir, and his wife Aurboda: she was of the stock of the Hill-Giants; their daughter was Gerdr, who was fairest of all women. It chanced one day that Freyr had gone to Hlidskjálf, and gazed over all the world; but when he looked over into the northern region, he saw on an estate a house great and fair. And toward this house went a woman; when she raised her hands and opened the door before her, brightness gleamed from her hands, both over sky and sea, and all the worlds were illumined of her. Thus his overweening pride, in having presumed to sit in that holy seat, was avenged upon him, that he went away full of sorrow. When he had come home, he spake not, he slept not, he drank not; no man dared speak to him. Then Njördr summoned to him Skírnir, Freyr's foot-page, and bade him go to Freyr and beg speech of him and ask for whose sake he was so bitter that he would not speak with men. But Skírnir said he would go, albeit unwillingly; and said that evil answers were to be expected of Freyr.

"But when he came to Freyr, straightway he asked why Freyr was so downcast, and spake not with men. Then Freyr answered and said that he had seen a fair woman; and for her sake he was so full of grief that he would not live long if he were not to obtain her. 'And now thou shalt go and woo her on my behalf and have her hither, whether her father will or no. I will

reward thee well for it.' Then Skírnir answered thus: he would go on his errand, but Freyr should give him his own sword--which is so good that it fights of itself;--and Freyr did not refuse, but gave him the sword. Then Skírnir went forth and wooed the woman for him, and received her promise; and nine nights later she was to come to the place called Barrey, and then go to the bridal with Freyr. But when Skírnir told Freyr his answer, then he sang this lay:

Long is one night, | long is the second;
   How can I wait through three?
Often a month | to me seemed less
   Than this one night of waiting.

This was to blame for Freyr's being so weaponless, when he fought with Beli, and slew him with the horn of a hart." Then said Gangleri: "'T is much to be wondered at, that such a great chief as Freyr is would give away his sword, not having another equally good. It was a great privation to him, when he fought with him called Beli; by my faith, he must have rued that gift." Then answered Hárr: "There was small matter in that, when he and Beli met; Freyr could have killed him with his hand. It shall come to pass that Freyr will think a worse thing has come upon him, when he misses his sword on that day that the Sons of Múspell go a-harrying."

XXXVIII. Then said Gangleri: "Thou sayest that all those men who have fallen in battle from the beginning of the world are now come to Odin in Valhall. What has he to give them for food? I should think that a very great host must be there." Then Hárr answered: "That which thou sayest is true: a very mighty multitude is there, but many more shall be, notwithstanding which it will seem all too small, in the time when the Wolf shall come. But never is so vast a multitude in Valhall that the flesh of that boar shall fail, which s called Sæhrímnir; he is boiled every day and is whole at evening. But this question which thou askest now: I think it likelier that few may be so wise as to be able to report truthfully concerning it. His name who roasts is Andhrímnir, and the kettle is Eldhrímnir; so it is said here:

Andhrímnir | has in Eldhrímnir
   Sæhrímnir sodden,

Best of hams; | yet how few know
With what food the champions are fed."

Then said Gangleri: "Has Odin the same fare as the champions?" Hárr answered: "That food which stands on his board he gives to two wolves which he has, called Geri [49] and Freki;[50] but no food does he need; wine is both food and drink to him; so it says here:

Geri and Freki | the war-mighty glutteth,
The glorious God of Hosts;
But on wine alone | the weapon-glorious
Odin aye liveth.

The ravens sit on his shoulders and say into his ear all the tidings which they see or hear; they are called thus: Huginn[51] and Muninn.[52] He sends them at day-break to fly about all the world, and they come back at undern-meal; thus he is acquainted with many tidings. Therefore men call him Raven-God, as is said:

Huginn and Muninn hover each day
The wide earth over;
I fear for Huginn lest he fare not back,--
Yet watch I more for Muninn."

XXXIX. Then said Gangleri: "What have the champions to drink, that may suffice them as abundantly as the food? Or is water drunk there?"' Then said Hárr: "Now thou askest strangely; as if Allfather would invite to him kings or earls or other men of might and would give them water to drink! I know, by my faith! that many a man comes to Valhall who would think he had bought his drink of water dearly, if there were not better cheer to be had there, he who before had suffered wounds and burning pain unto death. I can tell thee a different tale of this. The she-goat, she who is called Heidrún, stands up in Valhall and bites the needles from the limb of that tree which is very famous, and is called Lærádr; and from her udders mead runs so copiously,

[49] Ravener
[50] Glutton, greedy
[51] Thought
[52] Memory

that she fills a tun every day. That tun is so great that all the champions become quite drunk from it." Then said Gangleri: "That is a wondrous proper goat for them; it must be an exceeding good tree from which she eats." Then spake Hárr: "Even more worthy of note is the hart Eikthyrni, which stands in Valhall and bites from the limbs of the tree; and from his horns distils such abundant exudation that it comes down into Hvergelmir, and from thence fall those rivers called thus: Síd, Víd, Søkin, Eikin, Svöl, Gunnthrá, Fjörm, Fimbulthul, Gípul, Göpul, Gömul, Geirvimul. Those fall about the abodes of the Æsir; these also are recorded: Thyn, Vín, Thöll, Höll, Grád, Gunnthráin, Nyt, Nöt, Nönn, Hrönn, Vína, Vegsvinn, Thjódnuma."

XL. Then said Gangleri: "These are marvellous tidings which thou now tellest. A wondrous great house Valhall must be; it must often be exceeding crowded before the doors." Then Hárr answered: "Why dost thou not ask how many doors there are in the hall, or how great? If thou hearest that told, then thou wilt say that it is strange indeed if whosoever will may not go out and in; but it may be said truly that it is no more crowded to find place therein than to enter into it; here thou mayest read in *Grímnismál*:

Five hundred doors | and forty more
   So I deem stand in Valhall;
Eight hundred champions | go out at each door
   When they fare to fight with the Wolf."

XLI. Then said Gangleri: "A very mighty multitude of men is in Valhall, so that, by my faith, Odin is a very great chieftain, since he commands so large an army. Now what is the sport of the champions, when they are not fighting?" Hárr replied: "Every day, as soon as they are clothed, they straightway put on their armor and go out into the court and fight, and fell each other. That is their sport; and when the time draws near to undern-meal, they ride home to Valhall and sit down to drink, even as is said here:

All the Einherjar | in Odin's court
   Deal out blows every day;
The slain they choose | and ride from the strife,
   Sit later in love together.

But what thou hast said is true: Odin is of great might. Many examples are found in proof of this, as is here said in the words of the Æsir themselves:

Ash Yggdrasill's trunk | of trees is foremost,
And Skídbladnir of ships;
Odin of Æsir, | of all steeds Sleipnir,
Bifröst of bridges, | and Bragi of skalds;
Hábrók of hawks, | and of hounds Garmr."

XLII. Then said Gangleri: "Who owns that horse Sleipnir, or what is to be said of him?" Hárr answered: "Thou hast no knowledge of Sleipnir's points, and thou knowest not the circumstances of his begetting; but it will seem to thee worth the telling. It was early in the first days of the gods' dwelling here, when the gods had established the Midgard and made Valhall; there came at that time a certain wright and offered to build them a citadel in three seasons, so good that it should be staunch and proof against the Hill-Giants and the Rime-Giants, though they should come in over Midgard. But he demanded as wages that he should have possession of Freyja, and would fain have had the sun and the moon. Then the Æsir held parley and took counsel together; and a bargain was made with the wright, that he should have that which he demanded, if he should succeed in completing the citadel in one winter. On the first day of summer, if any part of the citadel were left unfinished, he should lose his reward; and he was to receive help from no man in the work. When they told him these conditions, he asked that they would give him leave to have the help of his stallion, which was called Svadilfari; and Loki advised it, so that the wright's petition was granted. He set to work the first day of winter to make the citadel, and by night he hauled stones with the stallion's aid; and it seemed very marvellous to the Æsir what great rocks that horse drew, for the horse did more rough work by half than did the wright. But there were strong witnesses to their bargain, and many oaths, since it seemed unsafe to the giant to be among the Æsir without truce, if Thor should come home. But Thor had then gone away into the eastern region to fight trolls.

"Now when the winter drew nigh unto its end, the building of the citadel was far advanced; and it was so high and strong that it could not be taken. When it lacked three days of summer, the work had almost reached the gate

of the stronghold. Then the gods sat down in their judgment seats, and sought means of evasion, and asked one another who had advised giving Freyja into Jötunheim, or so destroying the air and the heaven as to take thence the sun and the moon and give them to the giants. The gods agreed that he must have counselled this who is wont to give evil advice, Loki Laufeyarson, and they declared him deserving of an ill death, if he could not hit upon a way of losing the wright his wages; and they threatened Loki with violence. But when he became frightened, then he swore oaths, that he would so contrive that the wright should lose his wages, cost him what it might.

"That same evening, when the wright drove out after stone with the stallion Svadilfari, a mare bounded forth from a certain wood and whinnied to him. The stallion, perceiving what manner of horse this was, straightway became frantic, and snapped the traces asunder, and leaped over to the mare, and she away to the wood, and the wright after, striving to seize the stallion. These horses ran all night, and the wright stopped there that night; and afterward, at day, the work was not done as it had been before. When the wright saw that the work could not be brought to an end, he fell into giant's fury. Now that the Æsir
saw surely that the hill-giant was come thither, they did not regard their oaths reverently, but called on Thor, who came as quickly. And straightway the hammer Mjöllnir was raised aloft; he paid the wright's wage, and not with the sun and the moon. Nay, he even denied him dwelling in Jötunheim, and struck but the one first blow, so that his skull was burst into small crumbs, and sent him down bellow under Niflhel. But Loki had such dealings with Svadilfari, that somewhat later he gave birth to a foal, which was gray and had eight feet; and this horse is the best among gods and men. So is said in *Völuspá*:

Then all the Powers strode | to the seats of judgment,
The most holy gods | council held together:
Who had the air all | with evil envenomed,
Or to the Ettin-race | Ódr's maid given.

Broken were oaths then, | bond and swearing,
Pledges all sacred | which passed between them;

Thor alone smote there, | swollen with anger:
He seldom sits still | when such he hears of."

XLIII. Then said Gangleri: "What is to be said of Skídbladnir, that which is best of ships? Is there no ship equally great?" Hárr replied: "Skídbladnir is best of ships and made with most skill of craftsmanship; but Naglfar is the largest ship; Múspell has it. Certain dwarves, sons of Ívaldi, made Skídbladnir and gave the ship to Freyr. It is so great that all the Æsir may man it, with their weapons and armaments, and it has a favoring wind as soon as the sail is hoisted, whithersoever it is bound; but when there is no occasion for going to sea in it, it is made of so many things and with so much cunning that then it may be folded together like a napkin and kept in one's pouch."

XLIV. Then spake Gangleri: "'A good ship is Skídbladnir, but very great magic must have been used upon it before it got to be so fashioned. Has Thor never experienced such a thing, that he has found in his path somewhat so mighty or so powerful that it has overmatched him through strength of magic?" Then said Hárr: "Few men, I ween, are able to tell of this; yet many a thing has seemed to him hard to overcome. Though there may have been something so powerful or strong that Thor might not have succeeded in winning the victory, yet it is not necessary to speak of it; because there are many examples to prove, and because all are bound to believe, that Thor is mightiest." Then said Gangleri: "It seems to me that I must have asked you touching this matter what no one is able to tell of. Then spake Jafnhárr: "We have heard say concerning some matters which seem to us incredible, but here sits one near at hand who will know how to tell true tidings of this. Therefore thou must believe that he will not lie for the first time now, who never lied before." Gangleri said: "Here will I stand and listen, if any answer is forthcoming to this word; but otherwise I pronounce you overcome, if ye cannot tell that which I ask you."

Then spake Thridi: "Now it is evident that he is resolved to know this matter, though it seem not to us a pleasant thing to tell. This is the beginning of this tale: Öku-Thor drove forth with his he-goats and chariot, and with him that Ás called Loki; they came at evening to a husbandman's, and there received a night's lodging. About evening, Thor took his he-goats and slaughtered them both; after that they were flayed and borne to the caldron. When the

cooking was done, then Thor and his companion sat down to supper. Thor invited to meat with him the husbandman and his wife, and their children: the husbandman's son was called Thjálfi, and the daughter Röskva. Then Thor laid the goat-hides farther away from the fire, and said that the husbandman and his servants should cast the bones on the goat-hides. Thjálfi, the husbandman's son, was holding a thigh-bone of the goat, and split it with his knife and broke it for the marrow.

"Thor tarried there overnight; and in the interval before day he rose up and clothed himself, took the hammer Mjöllnir, swung it up, and hallowed the goat-hides; straightway the he-goats rose up, and then one of them was lame in a hind leg. Thor discovered this, and declared that the husbandman or his household could not have dealt wisely with the bones of the goat: be knew that the thighbone was broken. There is no need to make a long story of it; all may know how frightened the husbandman must have been when he saw how Thor let his brows sink down before his eyes; but when he looked at the eyes, then it seemed to him that he must fall down before their glances alone. Thor clenched his hands on the hammer-shaft so that the knuckles whitened; and the husbandman and all his household did what was to be expected: they cried out lustily, prayed for peace, offered in recompense all that they had. But when he saw their terror, then the fury departed from him, and he became appeased, and took of them in atonement their children, Thjálfi and Röskva, who then became his bond-servants; and they follow him ever since.

XLV. "Thereupon he left his goats behind, and began his journey eastward toward Jötunheim and clear to the sea; and then he went out over the sea, that deep one; but when he came to land, he went up, and Loki and Thjálfi and Röskva with him. Then, when they had walked a little while, there stood before them a great forest; they walked all that day till dark. Thjálfi was swiftest-footed of all men; he bore Thor's bag, but there was nothing good for food. As soon as it had become dark, they sought themselves shelter for the night, and found before them a certain hall, very great: there was a door in the end, of equal width with the hall, wherein they took up quarters for the night. But about midnight there came a great earthquake: the earth rocked under them exceedingly, and the house trembled. Then Thor rose up

and called to his companions, and they explored farther, and found in the middle of the hall a side-chamber on the right hand, and they went in thither. Thor sat down in the doorway, but the others were farther in from him, and they were afraid; but Thor gripped his hammer-shaft and thought to defend himself. Then they heard a great humming sound, and a crashing.

"But when it drew near dawn, then Thor went out and saw a man lying a little way from him in the wood; and that man was not small; he slept and snored mightily. Then Thor thought he could perceive what kind of noise it was which they had heard during the night. He girded himself with his belt of strength, and his divine power waxed; and on the instant the man awoke and rose up swiftly; and then, it is said, the first time Thor's heart failed him, to strike him with the hammer. He asked him his name, and the man called himself Skrýmir,--'but I have no need,' he said, 'to ask thee for thy name; I know that thou art Ása-Thor. But what? Hast thou dragged. away my glove?' Then Skrýmir stretched out his hand and took up the glove; and at once Thor saw that it was that which he had taken for a hall during the night; and as for the side-chamber, it was the thumb of the glove. Skrýmir asked whether Thor would have his company, and Thor assented to this. Then Skrýmir took and unloosened his provision wallet and made ready to eat his morning meal, and Thor and his fellows in another place. Skrýmir then proposed to them to lay their supply of food together, and Thor assented. Then Skrýmir bound all the food in one bag and laid it on his own back; he went before during the day, and stepped with very great strides; but late in the evening Skrýmir found them night-quarters under a certain great oak. Then Skrýmir said to Thor that he would lay him down to sleep,--'and do ye take the provision-bag and make ready for your supper.'

"Thereupon Skrýmir slept and snored hard, and Thor took the provision-bag and set about to unloose it; but such things must be told as will seem incredible: he got no knot loosened and no thong-end stirred, so as to be looser than before. When he saw that this work might not avail, then he became angered, gripped the hammer Mjöllnir in both hands, and strode with great strides to that place where Skrýmir lay, and smote him in the head. Skrýmir awoke, and asked whether a leaf had fallen upon his head; or whether they had eaten and were ready for bed? Thor replied that they

were just then about to go to sleep; then they went under another oak. It must be told thee, that there was then no fearless sleeping. At midnight Thor heard how Skrýmir snored and slept fast, so that it thundered in the woods; then he stood up and went to him, shook his hammer eagerly and hard, and smote down upon the middle of his crown: he saw that the face of the hammer sank deep into his head. And at that moment Skrýmir awoke arid said: 'What is it now? Did some acorn fall on my head? Or what is the news with thee, Thor?' But Thor went back speedily, and replied that he was then but new-wakened; said that it was then midnight, and there was yet time to sleep.

"Thor meditated that if he could get to strike him a third blow, never should the giant see himself again; he lay now and watched whether Skrýmir were sleeping soundly yet. A little before day, when he perceived that Skrýmir must have fallen asleep, he stood up at once and rushed over to him, brandished his hammer with all his strength, and smote upon that one of his temples which was turned up. But Skrýmir sat up and stroked his cheek, and said: 'Some birds must be sitting in the tree above me; I imagined, when I awoke, that some dirt from the twigs fell upon my head. Art thou awake, Thor? It will be time to arise and clothe us; but now ye have no long journey forward to the castle called Útgardr. I have heard how ye have whispered among yourselves that I am no little man in stature; but ye shall see taller men, if ye come into Útgardr. Now I will give you wholesome advice: do not conduct yourselves boastfully, for the henchmen of Útgarda-Loki will not well endure big words from such swaddling-babes. But if not so, then turn back, and I think it were better for you to do that; but if ye will go forward, then turn to the east. As for me, I hold my way north to these hills, which ye may how see.' Skrýmir took the provision-bag and cast it on his back, and turned from them across the forest; and it is not recorded that the Æsir bade him god-speed.

XLVI. "Thor turned forward on his way, and his fellows, and went onward till mid-day. Then they saw a castle standing in a certain plain, and set their necks down on their backs before they could see up over it. They went to the cattle; and there was a grating in front of the castle-gate, and it was closed. Thor went up to the grating, and did not succeed in opening it; but

when they struggled to make their way in, they crept between the bars and came in that way. They saw a great hall and went thither; the door was open; then they went in, and saw there many men on two benches, and most of them were big enough. Thereupon they came before the king Útgarda-Loki and saluted him; but he looked at them in his own good time, and smiled scornfully over his teeth, and said: 'It is late to ask tidings of a long journey; or is it otherwise than I think: that this toddler is Öku-Thor? Yet thou mayest be greater than thou appearest to me. What manner of accomplishments are those, which thou and thy fellows think to be ready for? No one shall be here with us who knows not some kind of craft or cunning surpassing most men.'

"Then spoke the one who came last, 'Who was called Loki: 'I know such a trick, which I am ready to try: that there is no one within here who shall eat his food more quickly than I.' Then Útgarda-Loki answered: 'That is a feat, if thou accomplish it; and this feat shall accordingly be put to the proof.' He called to the farther end of the bench, that he who was called Logi should come forth on the floor and try his prowess against Loki. Then a trough was taken and borne in upon the hall-floor and filled with flesh; Loki sat down at the one end and Logi at the other, and each ate as fast as he could, and they met in the middle of the trough. By that time Loki had eaten all the meat from the bones, but Logi likewise had eaten all the meat, and the bones with it, and the trough too; and now it seemed to all as if Loki had lost the game.

"Then Útgarda-Loki asked what yonder young man could play at; and Thjálfi answered that he would undertake to run a race with whomsoever Útgarda-Loki would bring up. Then Útgarda-Loki said that that was a good accomplishment, and that there was great likelihood that he must be well endowed with fleetness if he were to perform that feat; yet he would speedily see to it that the matter should be tested. Then Útgarda-Loki arose and went out; and there was a good course to run on over the level plain. Then Útgarda-Loki called to him a certain lad, who was named Hugi, and bade him run a match against Thjálfi. Then they held the first heat; and Hugi was so much ahead that he turned back to meet Thjálfi at the end of the course. Then said Útgarda-Loki: 'Thou wilt need to lay thyself forward more,

Thjálfi, if thou art to win the game; but it is none the less true that never have any men come hither who seemed to me fleeter of foot than this.' Then they began another heat; and when Hugi had reached the course's end, and was turning back, there was still a long bolt-shot to Thjálfi. Then spake Útgarda-Loki: 'Thjálfi appears to me to run this course well, but I do not believe of him now that he will win the game. But it will be made manifest presently, when they run the third heat.' Then they began the heat; but when Hugi had come to the end of the course and turned back, Thjálfi had not yet reached mid-course. Then all said that that game had been proven.

"Next, Útgarda-Loki asked Thor what feats there were which he might desire to show before them: such great tales as men have made of his mighty works. Then Thor answered that he would most willingly undertake to contend with any in drinking. Útgarda-Loki said that might well be; he went into the hall and called his serving-boy, and bade him bring the sconce-horn which the henchmen were wont to drink off. Straightway the serving-lad came forward with the horn and put it into Thor's hand. Then said Útgarda-Loki: 'It is held that this horn is well drained if it is drunk off in one drink, but some drink it off in two; but no one is so poor a man at drinking that it fails to drain off in three.' Thor looked upon the horn, and it did not seem big to him; and yet it was somewhat long. Still he was very thirsty; he took and drank, and swallowed enormously, and thought that he should not need to bend oftener to the horn. But when his breath failed, and he raised his head from the horn and looked to see how it had gone with the drinking, it seemed to him that there was very little space by which the drink was lower now in the horn than before. Then said Útgarda-Loki: 'It is well drunk, and not too much; I should not have believed, if it had been told me, that Ása-Thor could not drink a greater draught. But I know that thou wilt wish to drink it off in another draught.' Thor answered nothing; he set the horn to his mouth, thinking now that he should drink a greater drink, and struggled with the draught until his breath gave out; and yet he saw that the tip of the horn would not come up so much as he liked. When he took the horn from his mouth and looked into it, it seemed to him then as if it had decreased less than the former time; but now there was a clearly apparent lowering in the horn. Then said Útgarda-Loki: 'How now, Thor? Thou wilt not

shrink from one more drink than may he well for thee? If thou now drink the third draught from the horn, it seems to me as if this must he esteemed the greatest; but thou canst not be called so great a man here among us as the Æsir call thee, if thou give not a better account of thyself in the other games than it seems to me may come of this.' Then Thor became angry, set- the horn to his mouth, and drank with all his might, and struggled with the drink as much as he could; and when he looked into the horn, at least some space had been made. Then he gave up the horn and would drink no more.

"Then said Útgarda-Loki: Now it is evident that thy prowess is not so great as we thought it to be; but wilt thou try thy hand at more games? It may readily be seen that thou gettest no advantage hereof.' Thor answered: "will make trial of yet other games; but it would have seemed wonderful to me, when I was at home with the Æsir, if such drinks had been called so little. But what game will ye now offer me?' Then said Útgarda-Loki: 'Young lads here are wont to do this (which is thought of small consequence): lift my cat up from the earth; but I should not have been able to speak of such a thing to Ása-Thor if I had not seen that thou hast far less in thee than I had thought.' Thereupon there leaped forth on the hall-floor a gray cat, and a very big one; and Thor went to it and took it with his hand down under the middle of the belly and lifted up. But the cat bent into an arch just as Thor stretched up his hands; and when Thor reached up as high as he could at the very utmost, then the cat lifted up one foot, and Thor got this game no further advanced. Then said Útgarda-Loki: 'This game went even as I had foreseen; the cat is very great, whereas Thor is low and little beside the huge men who are here with us.'

"Then said Thor: 'Little as ye call me, let any one come up now and wrestle with me; now I am angry.' Then Útgarda-Loki answered, looking about him on the benches, and spake: 'I see no such man here within, who would not hold it a disgrace to wrestle with thee;' and yet he said: 'Let us see first; let the old woman my nurse be called hither, Elli, and let Thor wrestle with her if he will. She has thrown such men as have seemed to me no less strong than Thor.' Straightway there came into the hall an old woman, stricken in years. Then Útgarda-Loki said that she should grapple with Ása-Thor. There is no need to make a long matter of it: that struggle went in such wise that

the harder Thor strove in gripping, the faster she stood; then the old woman essayed a hold, and then Thor became totty on his feet, and their tuggings were very hard. Yet it was not long before Thor fell to his knee, on one foot. Then Útgarda-Loki went up and bade them cease the wrestling, saying that Thor should not need to challenge more men of his body-guard to wrestling. By then it had passed toward night; Útgarda-Loki showed Thor and his companions to a seat, and they tarried there the night long in good cheer.

XLVII. "But at morning, as soon as it dawned, Thor and his companions arose, clothed themselves, and were ready to go away. Then came there Útgarda-Loki and caused a table to be set for them; there was no lack of good cheer, meat and drink. So soon as they had eaten, he went out from the castle with them; and at parting Útgarda-Loki spoke to Thor and asked how he thought his journey had ended, or whether he had met any man mightier than himself. Thor answered that he could not say that he had not got much shame in their dealings together. 'But yet I know that ye will call me a man of little might, and I am ill-content with that.' Then said Útgardi-Loki: 'Now I will tell thee the truth, now that thou art come out of the castle; and if I live and am able to prevail, then thou shalt never again come into it. And this I know, by my troth! that thou shouldst never have come into it, If I had known before that thou haddest so much strength in thee, and that thou shouldst so nearly have had us in great peril. But I made ready against thee eye-illusions; and I came upon you the first time in the wood, and when thou wouldst have unloosed the provision-bag, I had bound it with iron, and thou didst not find where to undo it. But next thou didst smite me three blows with the hammer; and the first was least, and was yet so great that it would have sufficed to slay me, if it had come upon me. Where thou sawest near my hall a saddle-backed mountain, cut at the top into threesquare dales, and one the deepest, those were the marks of thy hammer. I brought the saddle-back before the blow, but thou didst not see that. So it was also with the games, in which ye did contend against my henchmen: that was the first, which Loki did; he was very hungry and ate zealously, but he who was called Logi was "wild-fire," and he burned the trough no less swiftly than the meat. But when Thjálfi ran the race with him called Hugi, that was my "thought," and it was not to be expected of Thjálfi that he should match swiftness with it.

"Moreover, when thou didst drink from the horn, and it seemed to thee to go slowly, then, by my faith, that was a wonder which I should not have believed possible: the other end of the horn was out in the sea, but thou didst not perceive it. But now, when thou comest to the sea, thou shalt be able to mark what a diminishing thou hast drunk in the sea: this is henceforth called "ebb-tides."'

"And again he said: 'It seemed to me not less noteworthy when thou didst lift up the cat; and to tell thee truly, then all were afraid who saw how thou didst lift one foot clear of the earth. That cat was not as it appeared to thee: it was the Midgard Serpent, which lies about all the land, and scarcely does its length suffice to encompass the earth with head and tail. So high didst thou stretch up thine arms that it was then but a little way more to heaven. It was also a great marvel concerning the wrestling-match, when thou didst withstand so long, and didst not fall more than on one knee, wrestling with Elli; since none such has ever been and none shall be, if he become so old as to abide "Old Age," that she shall not cause him to fall. And now it is truth to tell that we must part; and it will be better on both sides that ye never come again to seek me. Another time I will defend my castle with similar wiles or with others, so that ye shall get no power over me.'

"When Thor had heard these sayings, he clutched his hammer and brandished it aloft; but when he was about to launch it forward, then he saw Útgarda-Loki nowhere. Then he turned back to the castle, purposing to crush it to pieces; and he saw there a wide and fair plain, but no castle. So he turned back and went his way, till he was come back again to Thrúdvangar. But it is a true tale that then he resolved to seek if he might bring about a meeting between himself and the Midgard Serpent, which after ward came to pass. Now I think no one knows how to tell thee more truly concerning this journey of Thor's."

XLVIII. Then said Gangleri: "Very mighty is Útgarda-Loki, and he deals much in wiles and in magic; and his might may be seen in that he had such henchmen as have great prowess. Now did Thor ever take vengeance for this?" Hárr answered: "It is not unknown, though one be not a scholar, that Thor took redress for this journey of which the tale has but now been told; and he did not tarry at home long before he made ready for his journey so

hastily that he had with him no chariot and no he-goats and no retinue. He went out over Midgard in the guise of a young lad, and came one evening at twilight to a certain giant's, who was called Hymir. Thor abode as guest there overnight; but at dawn Hymir arose and clothed himself and made ready to row to sea a-fishing. Then Thor sprang up and was speedily ready, and asked Hymir to let him row to sea with him. But Hymir said that Thor would be of little help to him, being so small and a youth, 'And thou wilt freeze, if I stay so long and so far out as I am wont.' But Thor said that he would be able to row far out from land, for the reason that it was not certain whether he would be the first to ask to row back. Thor became so enraged at the giant that he was forthwith ready to let his hammer crash against him; but he forced himself to forbear, since he purposed to try his strength in another quarter. He asked Hymir what they should have for bait, but Hymir bade him get bait for himself. Then Thor turned away thither where he, saw a certain herd of oxen, which Hymir owned; he took the largest ox, called Himinbrjotr,[53] and cut off its head and went therewith to the sea. By that time Hymir had shoved out the boat.

"Thor went aboard the skiff and sat down in the stern-seat, took two oars and rowed; and it seemed to Hymir that swift progress came of his rowing. Hymir rowed forward in the bow, and the rowing proceeded rapidly; then Hymir said that they had arrived at those fishing-banks where he was wont to anchor and angle for flat-fish. But Thor said that he desired to row much further, and they took a sharp pull; then Hymir said that they had come so far that it was perilous to abide out farther because of the Midgard Serpent. Thor replied that they would row a while yet, and so he did; but Hymir was then sore afraid. Now as soon as Thor had laid by the oars, he made ready a very strong fishing-line, and the hook was no less large and strong. Then Thor put the ox-head on the hook and cast it overboard, and the hook went to the bottom; and it is telling thee the truth to say that then Thor beguiled the Midgard Serpent no less than Útgarda-Loki had mocked Thor, at the time when he lifted up the Serpent in his hand.

"The Midgard Serpent snapped at the ox-head, and the hook caught in its jaw; but when the Serpent was aware of this, it dashed away so fiercely that

[53] Heaven-bellowing?

both Thor's fists crashed against the gunwale. Then Thor was angered, and took upon him his divine strength, braced his feet so strongly that he plunged through the ship with both feet, and dashed his feet against the bottom; then he drew the Serpent up to the gunwale. And it may be said that no one has seen very fearful sights who might not see that: bow Thor flashed fiery glances at the Serpent, and the Serpent in turn stared up toward him from below and blew venom. Then, it is said, the giant Hymir grew pale, became yellow, and was sore afraid, when he saw the Serpent, and how the sea rushed out and in through the boat. In the very moment when Thor clutched his hammer and raised it on high, then the giant fumbled for his fish-knife and hacked off Thor's line at the gunwale, and the Serpent sank down into the sea. Thor hurled his hammer after it; and men say that he struck off its head against the bottom; but I think it were true to tell thee that the Midgard Serpent yet lives and lies in the encompassing sea. But 'Thor swung his fist and brought it against Hymir's ear, so that he plunged overboard, and Thor saw the soles of his feet. And Thor waded to land."

XLIX. Then spake Gangleri: "Have any more matters of note befallen among the Æsir? A very great deed of valor did Thor achieve on that journey." Hárr made answer: "Now shall be told of those tidings which seemed of more consequence to the Æsir. The beginning of the story is this, that Baldr the Good dreamed great and perilous dreams touching his life. When he told these dreams to the Æsir, then they took counsel together: and this was their decision: to ask safety for Baldr from all kinds of dangers. And Frigg took oaths to this purport, that fire and water should spare Baldr, likewise iron and metal of all kinds, stones, earth, trees, sicknesses, beasts, birds, venom, serpents. And when that was done and made known, then it was a diversion of Baldr's and the Æsir, that he should stand up in the Thing,[54] and all the others should some shoot at him, some hew at him, some beat him with stones; but whatsoever was done hurt him not at all, and that seemed to them all a very worshipful thing.

[54] The Thing was the legislative assembly of Iceland; less specifically, a formal assembly held for judicial purposes or to settle questions of moment; an assembly of men

"But when Loki Laufeyarson saw this, it pleased him ill that Baldr took no hurt. He went to Fensalir to Frigg, and made himself into the likeness of a woman. Then Frigg asked if that woman knew what the Æsir did at the Thing. She said that all were shooting at Baldr, and moreover, that he took no hurt. Then said Frigg: 'Neither weapons nor trees may hurt Baldr: I have taken oaths of them all.' Then the woman asked: 'Have all things taken oaths to spare Baldr?' and Frigg answered: 'There grows a tree-sprout alone westward of Valhall: it is called Mistletoe; I thought it too young to ask the oath of.' Then straightway the woman turned away; but Loki took Mistletoe and pulled it up and went to the Thing.

"Hödr stood outside the ring of men, because he was blind. Then spake Loki to him: 'Why dost thou not shoot at Baldr?' He answered: 'Because I see not where Baldr is; and for this also, that I am weaponless.' Then said Loki: 'Do thou also after the manner of other men, and show Baldr honor as the other men do. I will direct thee where he stands; shoot at him with this wand.' Hödr took Mistletoe and shot at Baldr, being guided by Loki: the shaft flew through Baldr, and he fell dead to the earth; and that was the greatest mischance that has ever befallen among gods and men.

"Then, when Baldr was fallen, words failed all the, Æsir, and their hands likewise to lay hold of him; each looked at the other, and all were of one mind as to him who had. wrought the work, but none might take vengeance, so great a sanctuary was in that place. But when the Æsir tried to speak, then it befell first that weeping broke out, so that none might speak to the others with words concerning his grief. But Odin bore that misfortune by so much the worst, as he had most perception of how great harm and loss for the Æsir were in the death of Baldr.

"Now when the gods had come to themselves, Frigg spake, and asked who there might be among the Æsir who would fain have for his own all her love and favor: let him ride the road to Hel, and seek if he may find Baldr, and offer Hel a ransom if she will let Baldr come home to Ásgard. And he is named Hermódr the Bold, Odin's son, who undertook that embassy. Then Sleipnir was taken, Odin's steed, and led forward; and Hermódr mounted on that horse and galloped off.

"The Æsir took the body of Baldr and brought it to the sea. Hringhorni is the name of Baldr's ship: it was greatest of all ships; the gods would have launched it and made Baldr's pyre thereon, but the ship stirred not forward. Then word was sent to Jötunheim after that giantess who is called Hyrrokkin. When she had come, riding a wolf and having a viper for bridle, then she leaped off the steed; and Odin called to four berserks to tend the steed; but they were not able to hold it until they had felled it. Then Hyrrokkin went to the prow of the boat and thrust it out at the first push, so that fire burst from the rollers, and all lands trembled. Thor became angry and clutched his hammer, and would straightway have broken her head, had not the gods prayed for peace for her.

"Then was the body of Baldr borne out on shipboard; and when his wife, Nanna the daughter of Nep, saw that, straightway her heart burst with grief, and she died; she was borne to the pyre, and fire was kindled. Then Thor stood by and hallowed the pyre with Mjöllnir; and before his feet ran a certain dwarf which was named Litr; Thor kicked at him with his foot and thrust him into the fire, and he burned. People of many races visited this burning: First is to be told of Odin, how Frigg and the Valkyrs went with him, and his ravens; but Freyr drove in his chariot with the boar called Gold-Mane, or Fearful-Tusk, and Heimdallr rode the horse called Gold-Top, and Freyja drove her cats. Thither came also much people of the Rime-Giants and the Hill-Giants. Odin laid on the pyre that gold ring which is called Draupnir; this quality attended it, that every ninth night there dropped from it eight gold rings of equal weight. Baldr's horse was led to the bale-fire with all his trappings.

"Now this is to be told concerning Hermódr, that he rode nine nights through dark dales and deep, so that he saw not before he was come to the river Gjöll and rode onto the Gjöll-Bridge; which bridge is thatched with glittering gold. Módgudr is the maiden called who guards the bridge; she asked him his name and race, saying that the day before there had ridden over the bridge five companies of dead men; but the bridge thunders no less under thee alone, and thou hast not the color of dead men. Why ridest thou hither on Hel-way?' He answered: 'I am appointed to ride to Hel to seek out

Baldr. Hast thou perchance seen Baldr on Hel-way?' She said that Baldr had ridden there over Gjöll's Bridge,--'but down and north lieth Hel-way.'

'Then Hermódr rode on till he came to Hel-gate; he dismounted from his steed and made his girths fast, mounted and pricked him with his spurs; and the steed leaped so hard over the gate that he came nowise near to it. Then Hermódr rode home to the hall and dismounted from his steed, went into the hall, and saw sitting there in the high-seat Baldr, his brother; and Hermódr tarried there overnight. At morn Hermódr prayed Hel that Baldr might ride home with him, and told her how great weeping was among the Æsir. But Hel said that in this wise it should be put to the test, whether Baldr were so all-beloved as had been said: 'If all things in the world, quick and dead, weep for him, then he shall go back to the Æsir; but he shall remain with Hel if any gainsay it or will not weep.' Then Hermódr arose; but Baldr led him out of the hall, and took the ring Draupnir and sent it to Odin for a remembrance. And Nanna sent Frigg a linen smock, and yet more gifts, and to Fulla a golden finger-ring.

"Then Hermódr rode his way back, and came into Ásgard, and told all those tidings which he had seen and heard. Thereupon the Æsir sent over all the world messengers to pray that Baldr be wept out of Hel; and all men did this, and quick things, and the earth, and stones, and trees, and all metals,--even as thou must have seen that these things weep when they come out of frost and into the heat. Then, when the messengers went home, having well wrought their errand, they found, in a certain cave, where a giantess sat: she called herself Thökk. They prayed her to weep Baldr out of Hel; she answered:

Thökk will weep | waterless tears
   For Baldr's bale-fare;
Living or dead, | I loved not the churl's son;
   Let Hel hold to that she hath!

And men deem that she who was there was Loki Laufeyarson, who hath wrought most ill among the Æsir."

L. Then said Gangleri: "Exceeding much Loki had brought to pass, when he had first been cause that Baldr was slain, and then that he was not

redeemed out of Hel. Was any vengeance taken on him for this?" Hárr answered: "This thing was repaid him in such wise that he shall remember it long. When the gods had become as wroth with him as was to be looked for, he ran off and hid himself in a certain mountain; there he made a house with four doors, so that he could see out of the house in all directions. Often throughout the day he turned himself into the likeness of a salmon and hid himself in the place called Fránangr-Falls; then he would ponder what manner of wile the gods would devise to take him in the water-fall. But when he sat in the house, he took twine of linen and knitted meshes as a net is made since; but a fire burned before him. Then he saw that the Æsir were close upon him; and Odin had seen from Hlidskjálf where he was. He leaped up at once and out into the river, but cast the net into the fire.

"When the Æsir had come to the house, he went in first who was wisest of all, who is called Kvasir; and when he saw in the fire the white ash where the net had burned, then he perceived that that thing must be a device for catching fish, and told it to the Æsir. Straightway they took hold, and made themselves a net after the pattern of the one which they perceived, by the burnt-out ashes, that Loki had made. When the net was ready, then the Æsir went to the river and cast the net into the fall; Thor held one end of the net, and all of the Æsir held the other, and they drew the net. But Loki darted ahead and lay down between two stones; they drew the net over him, and perceived that something living was in front of it. A second time they went up to the fall and cast out the net, having bound it to something so heavy that nothing should be able to pass under it. Then Loki swam ahead of the net; but when he saw that it was but a short distance to the sea, then he jumped up over the net-rope and ran into the fall. Now the Æsir saw where he went, and went up again to the fall and divided the company into two parts, but Thor waded along in mid-stream; and so they went out toward the sea. Now Loki saw a choice of two courses: it was a mortal peril to dash out into the sea; but this was the second--to leap over the net again. And so he did: be leaped as swiftly as he could over the net-cord. Thor clutched at him and got hold of him, and he slipped in Thor's hand, so that the hand stopped at the tail; and for this reason the salmon has a tapering back.

"Now Loki was taken truceless, and was brought with them into a certain cave. Thereupon they took three flat stones, and set them on edge and drilled a hole in each stone. Then were taken Loki's sons, Vili and Nari or Narfi; the Æsir changed Váli into the form of a wolf, and he tore asunder Narfi his brother. And the Æsir took his entrails and bound Loki with them over the three stones: one stands under his shoulders, the second under his loins, the third under his boughs; and those bonds were turned to iron. Then Skadi took a venomous serpent and fastened it up over him, so that the venom should drip from the serpent into his face. But Sigyn, his wife, stands near him and holds a basin under the venom-drops; and when the basin is full, she goes and pours out the venom, but in the meantime the venom drips into his face. Then he writhes against it with such force that all the earth trembles: ye call that 'earthquakes.' There he lies in bonds till the Weird of the Gods."

LI. Then said Gangleri: "What tidings are to be told concerning the Weird of the Gods? Never before have I heard aught said of this." Hárr answered: "Great tidings are to be told of it, and much. The first is this, that there shall come that winter which is called the Awful Winter: in that time snow shall drive from all quarters; frosts shall be great then, and winds sharp; there shall be no virtue in the sun. Those winters shall proceed three in succession, and no summer between; but first shall come three other winters, such that over all the world there shall be mighty battles. In that time brothers shall slay each other for greed's sake, and none shall spare father or son in manslaughter and in incest; so it says in *Völuspá*:

Brothers shall strive | and slaughter each other;
Own sisters' children | shall sin together;
Ill days among men, | many a whoredom:
An axe-age, a sword-age, | shields shall be cloven;
A wind-age, a wolf-age, | ere the world totters.

Then shall happen what seems great tidings: the Wolf shall swallow the sun; and this shall seem to men a great harm. Then the other wolf shall seize the moon, and he also shall work great ruin; the stars shall vanish from the heavens. Then shall come to pass these tidings also: all the earth shall tremble so, and the crags, that trees shall be torn up from the earth, and the

crags fall to ruin; and all fetters and bonds shall be broken and rent. Then shall Fenris-Wolf get loose; then the sea shall gush forth upon the land, because the Midgard Serpent stirs in giant wrath and advances up onto the land. Then that too shall happen, that Naglfar shall be loosened, the ship which is so named. (It is made of dead men's nails; wherefore a warning is desirable, that if a man die with unshorn nails, that man adds much material to the ship Naglfar, which gods and men were fain to have finished late.) Yet in this sea-flood Naglfar shall float. Hrymr is the name of the giant who steers Naglfar. Fenris-Wolf shall advance with gaping mouth, and his lower jaw shall be against the earth, but the upper against heaven,--he would gape yet more if there were room for it; fires blaze from his eyes and nostrils. The Midgard Serpent shall blow venom so that he shall sprinkle all the air and water; and he is very terrible, and shall be on one side of the Wolf. In this din shall the heaven be cloven, and the Sons of Múspell ride thence: Surtr shall ride first, and both before him and after him burning fire; his sword is exceeding good: from it radiance shines brighter than from the sun; when they ride over Bifröst, then the bridge shall break, as has been told before. The Sons of Múspell shall go forth to that field which is called Vígrídr, thither shall come Fenris-Wolf also and the Midgard Serpent; then Loki and Hrymr shall come there also, and with him all the Rime-Giants. All the champions of Hel follow Loki; and the Sons of Múspell shall have a company by themselves, and it shall be very bright. The field Vígrídr is a hundred leagues wide each way.

"When these tidings come to pass, then shall Heimdallr rise up and blow mightily in the Gjallar-Horn, and awaken all the gods; and they shall hold council together. Then Odin shall ride to Mímir's Well and take counsel of Mímir for himself and his host. Then the Ash of Yggdrasill shall tremble, and nothing then shall be without fear in heaven or in earth. Then shall the Æsir put on their war-weeds, and all the Champions, and advance to the field: Odin rides first with the gold helmet and a fair birnie, and his spear, which is called Gungnir. He shall go forth against Fenris-Wolf, and Thor stands forward on his other side, and can be of no avail to him, because he shall have his hands full to fight against the Midgard Serpent. Freyr shall contend with Surtr, and a hard encounter shall there be between them before Freyr falls: it is to be his death that he lacks that good sword of his, which he gave

to Skírnir. Then shall the dog Garmr be loosed, which is bound before Gnipa's Cave: he is the greatest monster; he shall do battle with Týr, and each become the other's slayer. Thor shall put to death the Midgard Serpent, and shall stride away nine paces from that spot; then shall he fall dead to the earth, because of the venom which the Snake has blown at him. The Wolf shall swallow Odin; that shall be his ending But straight thereafter shall Vídarr stride forth and set one foot upon the lower jaw of the Wolf: on that foot he has the shoe, materials for which have been gathering throughout all time. (They are the scraps of leather which men cut out: of their shoes at toe or heel; therefore he who desires in his heart to come to the Æsir's help should cast those scraps away.) With one hand he shall seize the Wolf's upper jaw and tear his gullet asunder; and that is the death of the Wolf. Loki shall have battle with Heimdallr, and each be the slayer of the other. Then straightway shall Surtr cast fire over the earth and burn all the world; so is said in *Völuspá*:

High blows Heimdallr, | the horn is aloft;
Odin communes | with Mimir's head;
Trembles Yggdrasill's | towering Ash;
The old tree wails | when the Ettin is loosed.

What of the Æsir? | What of the Elf-folk?
All Jötunheim echoes, | the Æsir are at council;
The dwarves are groaning | before their stone doors,
Wise in rock-walls; | wit ye yet, or what?

Hrymr sails from the east, | the sea floods onward;
The monstrous Beast | twists in mighty wrath;
The Snake beats the waves, | the Eagle is screaming;
The gold-neb tears corpses, | Naglfar is loosed.

From the east sails the keel; | come now Múspell's folk
Over the sea-waves, | and Loki steereth;
There are the warlocks | all with the Wolf,--
With them is the brother | of Býleistr faring.

Surtr fares from southward | with switch-eating flame;
On his sword shimmers | the sun of the war-gods;

The rocks are falling, | and fiends are reeling,
Heroes tread Hel-way, | heaven is cloven.

Then to the Goddess | a second grief cometh,
When Odin fares | to fight with the Wolf,
And Beli's slayer, | the bright god, with Surtr;
There must fall | Frigg's beloved.

Odin's son goeth | to strife with the Wolf,--
Vídarr, speeding | to meet the slaughter-beast;
The sword in his hand | to the heart he thrusteth
Of the fiend's offspring; avenged is his Father.

Now goeth Hlödyn's | glorious son
Not in flight from the Serpent, | of fear unheeding;
All the earth's offspring | must empty the homesteads,
When furiously smiteth | Midgard's defender.

The sun shall be darkened, | earth sinks in the sea,--
Glide from the heaven | the glittering stars;
Smoke-reek rages | and reddening fire:
The high heat licks | against heaven itself.

And here it says yet so:

Vígrídr hight the field | where in fight shall meet
  Surtr and the cherished gods;
An hundred leagues | it has on each side:
  Unto them that field is fated."

LII. Then said Gangleri: 'What shall come to pass afterward, when all the world is burned, and dead are all the gods and all the champions and all mankind? Have ye not said before, that every man shall live in some world throughout all ages?" Then Thridi answered: "In that time the good abodes shall be many, and many the ill; then it shall be best to be in Gimlé in Heaven. Moreover, there is plenteous abundance of good drink, for them that esteem that a pleasure, in the hall which is called Brimir: it stands in Ókólnir. That too is a good hall which stands in Nida Fells, made of red gold; its name is Sindri. In these halls shall dwell good men and pure in heart.

"On Nástrand[55] is a great hall and evil, and its doors face to the north: it is all woven of serpent-backs like a wattle-house; and all the snake-heads turn into the house and blow venom, so that along the hall run rivers of venom; and they who have broken oaths, and murderers, wade those rivers, even as it says here:

I know a hall standing | far from the sun,
In Nástrand: the doors; | to northward are turned;
Venom-drops fill | down from the roof-holes;
That hall is bordered | with backs of serpents.

There are doomed to wade | the weltering streams
Men that are mansworn, | and they that murderers are.

But it is worst in Hvergelmir:

There the cursed snake | tears dead men's corpses."

LIII. Then spake Gangleri: "Shall any of the gods live then, or shall there be then any earth or heaven?" Hárr answered: "In that time the earth shall emerge out of the sea, and shall then be green and fair; then shall the fruits of it be brought forth unsown. Vídarr and Váli shall be living, inasmuch as neither sea nor the fire of Surtr shall have harmed them; and they shall dwell at Ida-Plain, where Ásgard was before. And then the sons of Thor, Módi and Magni, shall come there, and they shall have Mjöllnir there. After that Baldr shall come thither, and Hödr, from Hel; then all shall sit down together and hold speech. with one another, and call to mind their secret wisdom, and speak of those happenings which have been before: of the Midgard Serpent and of Fenris-Wolf. Then they shall find in the grass those golden chess-pieces which the Æsir had had; thus is it said:

In the deities' shrines | shall dwell Vídarr and Váli,
   When the Fire of Surtr is slackened;
Módi and Magni | shall have Mjöllnir
   At the ceasing of Thor's strife.

[55] Strand of the Dead

In the place called Hoddmímir's Holt there shall lie hidden during the Fire of Surtr two of mankind, who are called thus: Líf and Lífthrasir, and for food they shall have the morning-dews. From these folk shall come so numerous an offspring that all the world shall be peopled, even as is said here:

Líf and Lífthrasir, | these shall lurk hidden
In the Holt of Hoddmímir;
The morning dews | their meat shall be;
Thence are gendered the generations.

And it may seem wonderful to thee, that the sun shall have borne a daughter not less fair than herself; and the daughter shall then tread in the steps of her mother, as is said here:

The Elfin-beam | shall bear a daughter,
Ere Fenris drags her forth;
That maid shall go, | when the great gods die,
To ride her mother's road.

But now, if thou art able to ask yet further, then indeed I know not whence answer shall come to thee, for I never heard any man tell forth at greater length the course of the world; and now avail thyself of that which thou hast heard."

LIV. Thereupon Gangleri heard great noises on every side of him; and then, when he had looked about him more, lo, he stood out of doors on a level plain, and saw no hall there and no castle. Then he went his way forth and came home into his kingdom, and told those tidings which he had seen and heard; and after him each man told these tales to the other.

[*Here Wilken closes his edition; Jónsson admits the following:*

But the Æsir sat them down to speak together, and took counsel and recalled all these tales which had been told to him. And they gave these same names that were named before to those men and places that were there, to the end that when long ages should have passed away, men should not doubt thereof, that those Æsir that were but now spoken of, and these to whom the same names were then given, were all one. There Thor was so named, and he is the old Ása-Thor.

All reject what follows:

He is Öku-Thor, and to him are ascribed those mighty works which Hector wrought in Troy. But this is the belief of men: that the Turks told of Ulysses, and called him Loki, for the Turks were his greatest foes.]

SKÁLDSKAPARMAL

THE POESY OF SKALDS[1]

I. A certain man was named Ægir, or Hlér. He dwelt on the island which is now called Hlér's Isle,[2] and was deeply versed in black magic. He took his way to Ásgard, but the Æsir had foreknowledge of his journey; he was received with good cheer, and yet many things were done by deceit, with eye-illusions. And at evening, when it was time for drinking, Odin had swords brought into the hall, so bright that light radiated from them: and other illumination was not used while they sat at drinking. The n the Æsir came in to their banquet, and in the high-seats sat them down those twelve Æsir who were appointed to be judges; these were their names: Thor, Njördr, Freyr, Týr, Heimdallr, Bragi, Vídarr, Váli, Ullr, Hœnir, Forseti, Loki; and in like manner the Ásynjur: Frigg, Freyja, Gefjun, Idunn, Gerdr, Sigyn, Fulla, Nanna. It seemed glorious to Ægir to look about him in the hall: the wainscottings there were all hung with fair shields; there was also stinging mead, copiously quaffed. The man seated next to Ægir was Bragi, and they took part together in drinking and in converse: Bragi told Ægir of many things which had come to pass among the Æsir.

He began the story at the point where three of the Æsir, Odin and Loki and Hœnir, departed from home and were wandering over mountains and wastes, and food was hard to find. But when they came down into a certain dale, they saw a herd of oxen, took one ox, and set about cooking it. Now when they thought that it must be cooked, they broke up the fire, and it was not cooked. After a while had passed, they having scattered the fire a second time, and it was not cooked, they took counsel together, asking each other what it might mean. Then they heard a voice speaking in the oak up above them, declaring that he who sat there confessed he had caused the lack of virtue in the fire. They looked thither, and there sat an eagle; and it was no small one. Then the eagle said: "If ye are willing to give me my fill

[1] Usually translated "Poetical Diction."
[2] Now Læssø

of the ox, then it will cook in the fire." They assented to this. Then he let himself float down from the tree and alighted by the fire, and forthwith at the very first took unto himself the two hams of the ox, and both shoulders. Then Loki was angered, snatched up a great pole, brandished it with all his strength, and drove it at the eagle's body. The eagle plunged violently at the blow and flew up, so that the pole was fast to the eagle's back, and Loki's hands to the other end of the pole. The eagle flew at such a height that Loki's feet down below knocked against stones and rock-heaps and trees, and he thought his arms would be torn from his shoulders. He cried aloud, entreating the eagle urgently for peace; but the eagle declared that Loki should never be loosed, unless he would give him his oath to induce Idunn to come out of Ásgard with her apples. Loki assented, and being straightway loosed, went to his companions; nor for that time are any more things reported concerning their journey, until they had come home.

But at the appointed time Loki lured Idunn out of Ásgard into a certain wood, saying that he had found such apples as would seem to her of great virtue, and prayed that she would have her apples with her and compare them with these. Then Thjazi the giant came there in his eagle's plumage and took Idunn and flew away with her, off into Thrymheimr to his abode.

But the Æsir became straitened at the disappearance of Idunn, and speedily they became hoary and old. Then those, Æsir took counsel together, and each asked the other what had last been known of Idunn; and the last that had been seen was that she had gone out of Ásgard with Loki. Thereupon Loki was seized and brought to the Thing, and was threatened with death, or tortures; when he had become well frightened, he declared that he would seek after Idunn in Jötunheim, if Freyja would lend him the hawk's plumage which she possessed. And when he got the hawk's plumage, he flew north into Jötunheim, and came on a certain day to the home of Thjazi the giant. Thjazi had rowed out to sea, but Idunn was at home alone: Loki turned her into the shape of a nut and grasped her in his claws and flew his utmost.

Now when Thjazi came home and missed Idunn, he took his eagle's plumage and flew after Loki, making a mighty rush of sound with his wings in his flight. But when the Æsir saw how the hawk flew with the nut, and where

the eagle was flying, they went out below Ásgard and bore burdens of plane-shavings thither. As soon as the hawk flew into the citadel, he swooped down close by the castle-wall; then the Æsir struck fire to the plane-shavings. But the eagle could not stop himself when he missed the hawk: the feathers of the eagle caught fire, and straightway his flight ceased. Then the Æsir were near at hand and slew Thjazi the giant within the Gate of the Æsir, and that slaying is exceeding famous.

Now Skadi, the daughter of the giant Thjazi, took helm and birnie and all weapons of war and proceeded to Ásgard, to avenge her father. The Æsir, however, offered her reconciliation and atonement: the first article was that she should choose for herself a husband from among the Æsir and choose by the feet only, seeing no more of him. Then she saw the feet of one man, passing fair, and said: "I choose this one: in Baldr little can be loathly." But that was Njördr of Nóatún. She had this article also in her bond of reconciliation: that the Æsir must do a thing she thought they would not be able to accomplish: to make her laugh. Then Loki did this: he tied a cord to the beard of a goat, the other end being about his own genitals, and each gave way in turn, and each of the two screeched loudly; then Loki let himself fall onto Skadi's knee, and she laughed. Thereupon reconciliation was made with her on the part of the Æsir. It is so said, that Odin did this by way of atonement to Skadi: he took Thjazi's eyes and cast them up into the heavens, and made of them two stars.

Then said Ægir: "It seems to me that Thjazi was a mighty man: now of what family was he?" Bragi answered: "His father was called Ölvaldi, and if I tell thee of him, thou wilt think these things wonders. He was very rich in gold; but when he died and his sons came to divide the inheritance, they determined upon this measure for the gold which they divided: each should take as much as his mouth would hold, and all the same number of mouthfuls. One of them was Thjazi, the second Idi, the third Gangr. And we have it as a metaphor among us now, to call gold the mouth-tale of these giants; but we conceal it in secret terms or in poesy in this way, that we call it Speech, or Word, or Talk, of these giants."

Then said Ægir: "I deem that well concealed in secret terms." And again said Ægir: "Whence did this art, which ye call *poesy*, derive its beginnings?" Bragi

answered: "These were the beginnings thereof. The gods had a dispute with the folk which are called Vanir, and they appointed a peace-meeting between them and established peace in this way: they each went to a vat and spat their spittle therein. Then at parting the gods took that peace-token and would not let it perish, but shaped thereof a man. This man is called Kvasir, and he was so wise that none could question him concerning anything but that he knew the solution. He went up and down the earth to give instruction to men; and when he came upon invitation to the abode of certain dwarves, Fjalar and Galarr, they called him into privy converse with them, and killed him, letting his blood run into two vats and a kettle. The kettle is named Ódrerir, and the vats Són and Bodn; they blended honey with the blood, and the outcome was that mead by the virtue of which he who drinks becomes a skald or scholar. The dwarves reported to the Æsir that Kvasir had choked on his own shrewdness, since there was none so wise there as to be able to question his wisdom.

"Then these dwarves invited the giant who is called Gillingr to visit them, and his wife with him. Next the dwarves invited Gillingr to row upon the sea with them; but when they had gone out from the land, the dwarves rowed into the breakers and capsized the boat. Gillingr was unable to swim, and he perished; but the dwarves righted their boat and rowed to land. They reported this accident to his wife, but she took it grievously and wept aloud. Then Fjalar asked her whether it would ease her heart if she should look out upon the sea at the spot where he had perished; and she desired it. Then he spoke softly to Galarr his brother, bidding him go up over the doorway, when she should go out, and let a mill-stone fall on her head, saying that her weeping grew wearisome to him; and even so he did.

"Now when the giant Suttungr, Gillingr's son, learned of this, he went over and took the dwarves and carried them out to sea, and set them on a reef which was covered at high tide. They besought Suttungr to grant them respite of their lives, and as the price of reconciliation offered him the precious mead in satisfaction of his father's death. And that became a means of reconciliation between them. Suttungr carried the mead home and concealed it in the place called Hnitbjörg, placing his daughter Gunnlöd there to watch over it. Because of this we call poesy Kvasir's Blood or

Dwarves' Drink, or Fill, or any kind of liquid of Ódrerir, or of Bodn, or of Són, or Ferry-Boat of Dwarves--since this mead brought them life--ransom from the reef--or Suttungr's Mead, or Liquor of Hnitbjörg."

Then Ægir said: "These seem to me dark sayings, to call poesy by these names. But how did ye Æsir come at Suttungr's Mead?" Bragi answered: "That tale runs thus: Odin departed from home and came to a certain place where nine thralls were mowing hay. He asked if they desired him to whet their scythes, and they assented. Then he took a hone from his belt and whetted the scythes; it seemed to them that the scythes cut better by far, and they asked that the hone be sold them. But he put such a value on it that whoso desired to buy must give a considerable price: nonetheless all said that they would agree, and prayed him to sell it to them. He cast the hone up into the air; but since all wished to lay their hands on it, they became so intermingled with one another that each struck with his scythe against the other's neck.

"Odin sought a night's lodging with the giant who is called Baugi, Suttungr's brother. Baugi bewailed his husbandry, saying that his nine thralls had killed one another, and declared that he had no hope of workmen. Odin called himself Bölverkr in Baugi's presence; he offered to undertake nine men's work for Baugi, and demanded for his wages one drink of Suttungr's Mead. Baugi declared that he had no control whatever over the mead, and said that Suttungr was determined to have it to himself, but promised to go with Bölverkr and try if they might get the mead. During the summer Bölverkr accomplished nine men's work for Baugi, but when winter came he asked Baugi for his hire. Then they both set out for Suttungr's. Baugi told Suttungr his brother of his bargain with Bölverkr; but Suttungr flatly refused them a single drop of the mead. Then Bölverkr made suggestion to Baugi that they try certain wiles, if perchance they might find means to get at the mead; and Baugi agreed readily. Thereupon Bölverkr drew out the auger called Rati, saying that Baugi must bore the rock, if the auger cut. He did so. At last Baugi said that the rock was bored through, but Bölverkr blew into the auger-hole, and the chips flew up at him. Then he discovered that Baugi would have deceived him, and he bade him bore through the rock. Baugi bored anew; and when Bölverkr blew a second time, then the chips were

blown in by the blast. Then Bölverkr turned himself into a serpent and crawled into the auger-hole, but Baugi thrust at him from behind with the auger and missed him. Bölverkr proceeded to the place where Gunnlöd was, and lay with her three nights; and then she gave him leave to drink three draughts of the mead. In the first draught he drank every drop out of Ódrerir; and in the second, he emptied Bodn; and in the third, Són; and then he had all the mead. Then he turned himself into the shape of an eagle and flew as furiously as he could; but when Suttungr saw the eagle's flight, he too assumed the fashion of an eagle and flew after him. When the Æsir saw Odin flying, straightway they set out their vats in the court; and when Odin came into Ásgard, he spat up the mead into the vats. Nevertheless he came so near to being caught by Suttungr that he sent some mead backwards, and no heed was taken of this: whosoever would might have that, and we call that the poetaster's part.[3] But Odin gave the mead of Suttungr to the Æsir and to those men who possess the ability to compose. Therefore we call poesy Odin's Booty and Find, and his Drink and Gift, and the Drink of the Æsir."

Then said Ægir: "In how many ways are the terms of skaldship variously phrased, or how many are the essential elements of the skaldic art?" Then Bragi answered: "The elements into which all poesy is divided are two." Ægir asked: "What two?" Bragi said: "Metaphor and metre." "What manner of metaphor is used for skaldic writing?" "Three are the types of skaldic metaphor." "Which?" "Thus: [first], calling everything by its name; the second type is that which is called 'substitution;' the third type of metaphor is that which is called 'periphrasis,' and this type is employed in such manner: Suppose I take Odin, or Thor, or Týr, or any of the Æsir or Elves; and to any of them whom I mention, I add the name of a property of some other of the Æsir, or I record certain works of his. Thereupon he becomes owner of the name, and not the one whose name was applied to him: just as when we speak of Victory-Týr, or Týr of the Hanged, or Týr of Cargoes: that then

[3] See Burns, The Kirk's Alarm, 11th stanza, for a similar idea

becomes Odin's name: and we call these periphrastic names. So also with the title Týr of the Wain.[4]

"But now one thing must be said to young skalds, to such as yearn to attain to the craft of poesy and to increase their store of figures with traditional metaphors; or to those who crave to acquire the faculty of discerning what is said in hidden phrase: let such an one, then, interpret this book to his instruction and pleasure. Yet one is not so to forget or discredit these traditions as to remove from poesy those ancient metaphors with which it has pleased Chief Skalds to be content; nor, on the other hand, ought Christian men to believe in heathen gods, nor in the truth of these tales otherwise than precisely as one may find here in the beginning of the book.

II. Now you may hear examples of the way in which Chief Skalds have held it becoming to compose, making use of these simple terms and periphrases: as when Arnórr Earls' Skald says that Odin is called Allfather:

Now I'll tell men the virtue
Of the terrible Jarl;
Allfather's Song-Surf streams;
Late my sorrows lighten,

Here, moreover, he calls poesy the Song-Surf of Allfather. Hávardr the Halt sang thus:

Now is the flight of eagles
Over the field; the sailors
Of the sea-horses hie them
To the Hanged-God's gifts and feasting.

Thus sang Viga-Glúmr:

With the Hanged-God's helmet
The hosts have ceased from going
By the brink; not pleasant
The bravest held the venture.

[4] Týr. See discussion in Cl.-Vig., p. 647. This word as a proper name refers {footnote p. 97} to the one-armed God of War; but, especially in compounds, it has the sense of God, the God, and is usually applied to Odin. The compounds mentioned here by Snorri are all epithets of Odin. See Gylfaginning, p. 30

Thus sang Refr:

Oft the Gracious One came to me
At the holy cup of the Raven-God;
The king of the stem-ploughed sea's gold
From the skald in death is sundered.

Thus sang Eyvindr Skald-Despoiler:

And Sigurdr,
He who sated the ravens
Of Cargo-God
With the gore of the host
Of slain Haddings
Of life was spoiled
By the earth-rulers
At Ögló.

Thus sang Glúmr Geirason:

There the Týr of Triumph
Himself inspired the terror
Of ships; the gods of breezes
That favor good men steered them.

Thus sang Eyvindr:

Göndull and Skögull
Gauta-Týr sent
To choose from kings
Who of Yngvi's kin
Should go with Odin
And be in Valhall.

Thus sang Úlfr Uggason:

Swiftly the Far-Famed rideth,
The Foretelling God, to the fire speeds,
To the wide pyre of his offspring;
Through my cheeks praise-songs are pouring.

Thus sang Thjódólfr of Hvin:

The slain lay there sand-strewing,
Spoil for the Single-Eyed
Dweller in Frigg's bosom;
In such deeds we rejoiced.

Hallfredr sang thus:

The doughty ship-possessor
With sharpened words and soothfast
Lures our land, the patient,
Barley-lockèd Wife of Thridi.

Here is an example of this metaphor, that in poesy the earth is called the Wife of Odin. Here is told what Eyvindr sang:

Hermódr and Bragi,
Spake Hropta-Týr.

Go ye to greet the Prince;
For a king who seemeth
A champion cometh
To the hall hither.

Thus sang Kormákr:

The Giver of Lands, who bindeth
The sail to the top, with gold-lace
Honors him who pours god's verse-mead;
Odin wrought charms on Rindr.

Thus sang Steinthórr:

Much have I to laud
The ancient-made (though little)
Liquor of the valiant
Load of Gunnlöd's arm-clasp.

Thus sang Úlfr Uggason:

There I think the Valkyrs follow,
And ravens, Victorious Odin
To the blood of holy Baldr.
With old tales the hall was painted.

Thus sang Egill Skallagrímsson:

No victims for this
To Víli's brother,
The High-God, I offer,
Glad to behold him;

Yet has Mímir's friend
On me bestowed
Amends of evil
Which I account better.

He has given me the art
He, the Wolf's Opposer,
Accustomed to battle,
Of blemish blameless.

Here he is called High God, and Friend of Mímir, and Adversary of the Wolf.

Thus sang Refr:

Swift God of Slain, that wieldeth
The snowy billow's wave-hawks,
The ships that drive the sea-road,
To thee we owe the dwarves' drink.

Thus sang Einarr Tinkling-Scale:

'T is mine to pour the liquor
Of the Host-God's mead-cask freely
Before the ships' swift Speeder:
For this I win no scorning.

Thus sang Úlfr Uggason:

His steed the lordly Heimdallr
Spurs to the pyre gods builded
For the fallen son of Odin,
The All-Wise Raven-Ruler.

This is said in *Eiríksmál*:

What dream is that? quoth Odin,--
I thought to rise ere day-break
To make Valhall ready
For troops of slain;
I roused the champions,
Bade them rise swiftly
Benches to strew,
To wash beer-flagons;
The Valkyrs to pour wine,
As a Prince were coming.

Kormákr sang this:

I pray the precious Ruler
Of Yngvi's people, o'er me
To hold his hand, bow-shaking.
Hroptr bore with him Gungnir.

Thórálfr sang this:

The Mighty One of Hlidskjálf
Spake his mind unto them
Where the hosts of fearless
Hárekr were slaughtered.

Thus sang Eyvindr:

The mead which forth
From Surtr's sunk dales
The Strong-through-spells
Swift-flying bore.

So sang Bragi:

'Tis seen, on my shield's surface,
How the Son of the Father of Peoples
Craved to try his strength full swiftly
'Gainst the rain-beat Snake earth-circling.

Thus sang Eínarr:

Since less with Bestla's Offspring
Prevail most lordly princes
Than thou, my task is singing
Thy praise in songs of battle.

Thus sang Thorvaldr Blending-Skald:

Now have I much
In the middle grasped
Of the son of Borr,
Of Búri's heir.

III. "Now you shall hear how the skalds have termed the art of poesy in these metaphorical phrases which have been recorded before: for example, by calling it Kvasir's Gore and Ship of the Dwarves, Dwarves' Mead, Mead of the Æsir, Giants' Father-Ransom, Liquor of Ódrerir and of Bodn and of Són, and Fullness of these, Liquor of Hnitbjörg, Booty and Find and Gift of Odin, even as has been sung in these verses which Einarr Tinkling-Scale wrought:

I pray the high-souled Warder
Of earth to hear the Ocean
Of the Cliff of Dwarves, my verses:
Hear, Earl, the Gore of Kvasir.

And as Einarr Tinkling-Scale sang further:

The Dwarves' Crag's Song-wave rushes
O'er all the dauntless shield-host
Of him who speeds the fury
Of the shield-wall's piercing sword-bane.

Even as Ormr Steinthórsson sang:

The body of the dame
And my dead be borne
Into one hall; the Drink
Of Dvalinn, Franklins, hear.

And as Refr sang:

I reveal the Thought's Drink
Of the Rock-Folk to Thorsteinn;
The Billow of the Dwarf-Crag
Plashes; I bid men hearken.

Even as Egill sang:

The Prince requires my lore,
And bound his praise to pour,
Odin's Mead I bore
To English shore.

And as Glúmr Geirason sang:

Let the Princely Giver hearken:
I hold the God-King's liquor.

Let silence, then, be granted,
While we sing the loss of thanes.

And as Eyvindr sang:

A hearing I crave
For the High One's Liquor,
While I utter
Gillingr's Atonement;
While his kin
In the Kettle-Brewing
Of the Gallows-Lord
To the gods I trace.

Even as Einarr Tinkling-Scale sang:

The Wave of Odin surges;
Of Ódrerir's Sea a billow
'Gainst the tongue's song-glade crashes;
Aye our King's works are goodly.

And as he sang further:

Now that which Bodn's Billow
Bodes forth will straight be uttered:
Let the War-King's host make silence
In the hall, and hear the Dwarves' Ship.

And as Eilífr Gudrúnarson sang:

Grant shall ye gifts of friendship,
Since grows of Són the Seedling
In our tongue's fertile sedge-bank:
True praise of our High Lord.

Even as Völu-Steinn sang:

Egill, hear the Heart-streams
Of Odin beat in cadence
'Gainst my palate's skerry;
The God's Spoil to me is given.

Thus sang Ormr Steinthórsson:

No verse of mine men need to fear,
No mockery I intertwine
In Odin's Spoil; my skill is sure
In forging songs of praise.

Thus sang Úlfr Uggason:

I show to host-glad Áleifr
The Heart-Fjord's Shoal of Odin,--
My song: him do I summon
To hear the Gift of Grímnir.

Poesy is called Sea, or Liquid of the Dwarves, because Kvasir's blood was liquid in Ódrerir before the mead was made, and then it was put into the kettle; wherefore it is called Odin's Kettle-Liquor, even as Eyvindr sang and as we have recorded before:

While his kin
In the Kettle-Brewing
Of the Gallows-Lord
To the gods I trace.

Moreover, poesy is called Ship or Ale of the Dwarves: ale is *líð*, and *lið* is a word for ships; therefore it is held that it is for this reason that poesy is now called Ship of the Dwarves, even as this verse tells:

The wit of Gunnlöd's Liquor
In swelling wind-like fullness,
And the everlasting Dwarves' Ship
I own, to send the same road.

IV. "What figures should be employed to periphrase the name of Thor? Thus: one should call him Son of Odin and of Jörd, Father of Magni and Módi and Thrúdr, Husband of Sif, Stepfather of Ullr, Wielder and Possessor of Mjöllnir and of the Girdle of Strength, and of Bilskirnir; Defender of Ásgard and of Midgard, Adversary and Slaver of Giants and Troll-Women, Smiter of Hrungnir, of Geirrödr and of Thrívaldi, Master of Thjálfi and Röskva, Foe of the Midgard Serpent. Foster-father of Vingnir and Hlóra. So sang Bragi the Skald:

The line of Odin's Offspring
Lay not slack on the gunwale,
When the huge ocean-serpent
Uncoiled on the sea's bottom.

Thus sang Ölvir Cut-Nose-and-Crop-Ears:

The encírcler of all regions
And Jörd's Son sought each other.

Thus sang Eilífr:

Wroth stood Röskva's Brother,
And Magni's Sire wrought bravely:
With terror Thor's staunch heart-stone
Trembled not, nor Thjálfi's.

And thus sang Eysteinn Valdason:

With glowing eyes Thrúdr's Father
Glared at the sea-road's circler,
Ere the fishes' watery dwelling
Flowed in, the boat confounding.

Eysteinn sang further:

Swiftly Sif's Husband bouned him
To haste forth with the Giants
For his hardy fishing:
Well sing we Hrímnir's horn-stream.

Again he sang:

The earth-fish tugged so fiercely
That Ullr's Kinsman's clenched fists
Were pulled out past the gunwale;
The broad planks rent asunder.

Thus sang Bragi:

The strong fiend's Terrifier
In his right hand swung his hammer,
When he saw the loathly sea-fish
That all the lands confineth.

Thus sang Gamli:

While the Lord of high Bilskirnir,
Whose heart no falsehood fashioned,
Swiftly strove to shatter
The sea-fish with his hammer.

Thus sang Thorbjörn Lady's-Skald:

Bravely Thor fought for Ásgard
And the followers of Odin.

Thus sang Bragi:

And the vast misshapen circler
Of the ship's sea-path, fierce-minded,
Stared from below in anger
At the Skull-Splitter of Hrungnir.

Again sang Bragi:

Well hast Thou, Hewer-in-Sunder
Of the nine heads of Thrívaldi,
Kept thy goats[5] . . . .

Thus sang Eilífr:

The Merciless Destroyer
Of the people of the Giants
Grasped with ready fore-arms
At the heavy red-hot iron.

Thus sang Úlfr Uggason:

Faintly the stout-framed thickling
A fearful peril called it,
At the great draught wondrous heavy
Drawn up by the Lord of he-goats.

Thus Úlfr sang further:

The very mighty Slayer
Of the Mountain-Man brought crashing
His fist on Hymir's temple:
That was a hurt full deadly.

Yet again sang Úlfr:

[5] The remainder of this stanza cannot be made out

Vimur's ford's Wide-Grappler
'Gainst the waves smote featly
The glittering Serpent's head off.
With old tales the hall was gleaming.

Here he is called Giant of Vimur's Ford. There is a river called Vimur, which Thor waded when he journeyed to the garth of Geirrödr.

Thus sang Vetrlidi the skald:

Thou didst break the leg of Leikn,
Didst cause to stoop Starkadr,
Didst bruise Thrívaldi,
Didst stand on lifeless Gjálp.

Thus sang Thorbjörn Lady's-Skald:

Thou didst smite the head of Keila,
Smash Kjallandi altogether,

Ere thou slewest Lútr and Leidi,
Didst spill the blood of Búseyra;
Didst hold back Hengjankjapta,
Hyrrokkin died before;
Yet sooner in like fashion
Svívör from life was taken.

V. "How should one periphrase Baldr? By calling him Son of Odin and Frigg, Husband of Nanna, Father of Forseti, Possessor of Hringhorni and Draupnir, Adversary of Hödr, Companion of Hel, God of Tears. Úlfr Uggason, following the story of Baldr, has composed a long passage in the*Húsdrápa*; and examples are recorded earlier to the effect that Baldr is so termed.

VI. "How should one periphrase Njördr? By calling him God of the Vanir, or Kinsman of the Vanir, or Wane, Father of Freyr and Freyja, God of Wealth-Bestowal.

So says Thórdr Sjáreksson:

Gudrun's self by ill
Her sons did kill;
The wise God-bride
At the Wane's side
Grieved; men tell
Odin tamed steeds well;
'T was not the saying
Hamdir spared sword-playing.

Here it is recorded that Skadi departed from Njördr, as has already been written.

VII. "How should one periphrase Freyr? Thus: by calling him Son of Njördr, Brother of Freyja, and also God of Vanir, and Kinsman of the Vanir, and Wane, and God of the Fertile Season, and God of Wealth-Gifts.

Thus sang Egill Skallagrímsson:

For that Grjótbjörn
In goods and gear
Freyr and Njördr
Have fairly blessed.

Freyr is called Adversary of Beli, even as Eyvindr Spoiler of Skalds sang:

When the Earl's foe
Wished to inhabit
The outer bounds
Of Beli's hater.

He is the possessor of Skídbladnir and of that boar which is called Gold-Bristle, even as it is told here:

Ívaldi's offspring
In ancient days
Went to shape Skídbladnir,
Foremost of ships,
Fairly for Freyr,
Choicely for Njördr's child.

Thus speaks Úlfr Uggason:

The battle-bold Freyr rideth
First on the golden-bristled

Barrow-boar to the bale-fire
Of Baldr, and leads the people.

The boar is also called Fearful-Tusk.

VIII. "How should one periphrase Heimdallr? By calling him Son of Nine Mothers, or Watchman of the Gods, as already has been written; or White God, Foe of Loki, Seeker of Freyja's Necklace. A sword is called Heimdallr's Head: for it is said that he was pierced by a man's head. The tale thereof is told in *Heimdalar-galdr*; and ever since a head is called Heimdallr's Measure; a sword is called Man's Measure. Heimdallr is the Possessor of Gulltoppr; he is also Frequenter of Vágasker and Singasteinn, where he contended with Loki for the Necklace Brísinga-men, he is also called Vindlér. Úlfr Uggason composed a long passage in the *Húsdrápa* on that legend, and there it is written that they were in the form of seals. Heimdallr also is son of Odin.

IX. "How should one periphrase Týr? By calling him the One-handed God, and Fosterer of the Wolf, God of Battles, Son of Odin.

X. "How should one periphrase Bragi? By calling him Husband of Idunn, First Maker of Poetry, and the Long-bearded God (after his name, a man who has a great beard is called Beard-Bragi) and Son of Odin.

XI. "How should one periphrase Vídarr? He maybe called the Silent God, Possessor of the Iron Shoe, Foe and Slayer of Fenris-Wolf, Avenger of the Gods, Divine Dweller in the Homesteads of the Fathers, Son of Odin, and Brother of the Æsir.

XII. "How should Váli be periphrased? Thus: by calling him Son of Odin and Rindr, Stepson of Frigg, Brother of the Æsir, Baldr's Avenger, Foe and Slayer of Hödr, Dweller in the Homesteads of the Fathers.

XIII. "How should one periphrase Hödr? Thus: by calling him the Blind God, Baldr's Slayer, Thrower of the Mistletoe, Son of Odin, Companion of Hel, Foe of Váli.

XIV. How should Ullr be periphrased? By calling him Son of Sif, Stepson of Thor, God of the Snowshoe, God of the Bow, Hunting-God, God of the Shield.

XV. How should Hœnir be periphrased? By calling him Bench-Mate or Companion or Friend of Odin, the Swift of God, the Long-Footed, and' King of Clay.[6]

XVI. "How should one periphrase Loki? Thus: call him Son of Fárbauti and Laufey, or of Nil, Brother of Býleistr and of Helblindi, Father of the Monster of Ván (that is, Fenris-Wolf), and of the Vast Monster (that is, the Midgard Serpent), and of Hel, and Nari, and Áli; Kinsman and Uncle, Evil Companion and Bench-Mate of Odin and the Æsir, Visitor and Chest-Trapping of Geirrödr, Thief of the Giants, of the Goat, of Brísinga-men, and of Idunn's Apples, Kinsman of Sleipnir, Husband of Sigyn, Foe of the Gods, Harmer of Sif's Hair, Forger of Evil, the Sly God, Slanderer and Cheat of the Gods, Contriver of Baldr's Death, the Bound God, Wrangling Foe of Heimdallr and of Skadi. Even as Úlfr Uggason sings here:

The famed rain-bow's defender,
Ready in wisdom, striveth
At Singasteinn with Loki,
Fárbauti's sin-sly offspring;
The son of mothers eight and one,
Mighty in wrath, possesses
The Stone ere Loki cometh:
I make known songs of praise.

Here it is written that Heimdallr is the son of nine mothers.

XVII. "Now an account shall be given of the source of those metaphors which have but now been recorded, and of which no accounts were rendered before: even such as Bragi gave to Ægir, telling how Thor had gone into the east to slay trolls, and Odin rode Sleipnir into Jötunheim and visited that giant who was named Hrungnir. Hrungnir asked what manner of man he with the golden helm might be, who rode through air and water; and said

[6] *?Aur-konung*

that the stranger had a wondrous good steed. Odin said he would wager his head there was no horse in Jötunheim that would prove equally good. Hrungnir answered that it was a good horse, but declared that he had a much better paced horse which was called Gold-Mane. Hrungnir had become angry, and vaulted up onto his horse and galloped after him, thinking to pay him for his boasting. Odin gal loped so furiously that he was on the top of the next hill first; but Hrungnir was so filled with the giant's frenzy that he took no heed until he had come in beyond the gates of Ásgard. When he came to the hall-door, the Æsir invited him to drink. He went within and ordered drink to be brought to him, and then those flagons were brought in from which Thor was wont to drink; and Hrungnir swilled from each in turn. But when he had become drunken, then big words were not wanting: he boasted that he would lift up Valhall and carry it to Jötunheim, and sink Ásgard and kill all the gods, save that he would take Freyja and Sif home with him. Freyja alone dared pour for him; and he vowed that he would drink all the ale of the Æsir. But when his overbearing insolence became tiresome to the Æsir, they called on the name of Thor.

"Straightway Thor came into the hall, brandishing his hammer, and he was very wroth, and asked who had advised that these dogs of giants be permitted to drink there, or who had granted Hrungnir safe-conduct to be in Valhall, or why Freyja should pour for him as at a feast of the Æsir. Then Hrungnir answered, looking at Thor with no friendly eyes, and said that Odin had invited him to drink, and he was under his safe-conduct. Thor declared that Hrungnir should repent of that invitation before he got away. Hrungnir answered that Ása-Thor would have scant renown for killing him, weaponless as he was: it were a greater trial of his courage if he dared fight with Hrungnir on the border at Grjótúnagard. 'And it was a great folly,' said he, 'when I left my shield and hone behind at home; if I had my weapons here, then we should try single-combat. But as matters stand, I declare thee a coward if thou wilt slay me, a weaponless man.' Thor was by no means anxious to avoid the fight when challenged to the field, for no one had ever offered him single-combat before.

"Then Hrungnir went his way, and galloped furiously until he came to Jötunheim. The news of his journey was spread abroad among the giants,

and it became noised abroad that a meeting had been arranged between him and Thor; the giants deemed that they had much at stake, who should win the victory, since they looked for ill at Thor's hands if Hrungnir perished, he being strongest of them all. Then the giants made a man of clay at Grjótúnagard: he was nine miles high and three broad under the arm-pits; but they could get no heart big enough to fit him, until they took one from a mare. Even that was not steadfast within him, when Thor came. Hrungnir had the heart which is notorious, of hard stone and spiked with three corners, even as the written character is since formed, which men call Hrungnir's Heart. His head also was of stone; his shield too was stone, wide and thick, and he had the shield before him when he stood at Grjótúnagard and waited for Thor. Moreover he had a hone for a weapon, and brandished it over his shoulders, and he was not a pretty sight. At one side of him stood the clay giant, which was called Mökkurkálfi: he was sore afraid, and it is said that he wet himself when he saw Thor.

"Thor went to the meeting-place, and Thjálfi with him. Then Thjálfi ran forward to the spot where Hrungnir stood and said to him: 'Thou standest unwarily, Giant, having the shield before thee: for Thor has seen thee, and comes hither down below the earth, and will come at thee from beneath.' Then Hrungnir thrust the shield under his feet and stood upon it, wielding the hone with both hands. Then speedily he saw lightnings and heard great claps of thunder; then he saw Thor in God-like anger, who came forward furiously and swung the hammer and cast it at Hrungnir from afar off. Hrungnir lifted up the hone in both hands and cast it against him; it struck the hammer in flight, and the hone burst in sunder: one part fell to the earth, and thence are come all the flint-rocks; the other burst on Thor's head, so that he fell forward to the earth. But the hammer Mjöllnir struck Hrungnir in the middle of the head, and smashed his skull into small crumbs, and he fell forward upon Thor, so that his foot lay over Thor's neck. Thjálfi struck at Mökkurkálfi, and he fell with little glory. Thereupon Thjálfi went over to Thor and would have lifted Hrungnir's foot off him, but could not find sufficient strength. Straightway all the Æsir came up, when they, learned that Thor was fallen, and would have lifted the foot from off him, and could do nothing. Then Magni came up, son of Thor and Járnsaxa: he was then three nights old; he cast the foot of Hrungnir off Thor, and spake:

'See how ill it is, father, that I came so late: I had struck this giant dead with my fist, methinks, if I had met with him.' Thor arose and welcomed his son, saying that he should surely become great; 'And I will give thee,' he said, the horse Gold-Mane, which Hrungnir possessed.' Then Odin spake and said that Thor did wrong to give the good horse to the son of a giantess, and not to his father.

"Thor went home to Thrúdvangar, and the hone remained sticking in his head. Then came the wise woman who was called Gróa, wife of Aurvandill the Valiant: she sang her spells over Thor until the hone was loosened. But when Thor knew that, and thought that there was hope that the hone might be removed, he desired to reward Gróa for her leech-craft and make her glad, and told her these things: that he had waded from the north over Icy Stream and had borne Aurvandill in a basket on his back from the north out of Jötunheim. And he added for a token, that one of Aurvandill's toes had stuck out of the basket, and became frozen; wherefore Thor broke it off and cast it up into the heavens, and made thereof the star called Aurvandill's Toe. Thor said that it would not be long ere Aurvandill came home: but Gróa was so rejoiced that she forgot her incantations, and the hone was not loosened, and stands yet in Thor's head. Therefore it is forbidden to cast a hone across the floor, for then the hone is stirred in Thor's head. Thjódólfr of Hvin has made a song after this tale in the *Haustlöng*. [It says there:

On the high and painted surface
Of the hollow shield, still further
One may see how the Giant's Terror
Sought the home of Grjótún;
The angry son of Jörd drove
To the play of steel; below him
Thundered the moon-way; rage swelled
In the heart of Meili's Brother.

All the bright gods' high mansions
Burned before Ullr's kinsman;
With hail the earth was beaten
Along his course, when the he-goats
Drew the god of the smooth wain forward

To meet the grisly giant:
The Earth, the Spouse of Odin,
Straightway reft asunder.

No truce made Baldr's brother
With the bitter foe of earth-folk.

Rocks shook, and crags were shivered;
The shining Upper Heaven
Burned; I saw the giant
Of the boat-sailed sea-reef waver
And give way fast before him,
Seeing his war-like Slayer.

Swiftly the shining shield-rim
Shot 'neath the Cliff-Ward's shoe-soles;
That was the wise gods' mandate,
The War-Valkyrs willed it.
The champion of the Waste-Land
Not long thereafter waited
For the speedy blow delivered
By the Friend of the snout-troll's crusher.

He who of breath despoileth
Beli's baleful hirelings
Felled on the shield rim-circled
The fiend of the roaring mountain;
The monster of the glen-field
Before the mighty hammer
Sank, when the Hill-Danes' Breaker
Struck down the hideous caitiff.

Then the hone hard-broken
Hurled by the Ogress-lover
Whirred into the brain-ridge
Of Earth's Son, that the whetter
Of steels, sticking unloosened
In the skull of Odin's offspring,

Stood there all besprinkled
With Einridi's blood.

Until the wise ale-goddess,
With wondrous lays, enchanted
The vaunted woe, rust-ruddy,
From the Wain-God's sloping temples;
Painted on its circuit
I see them clearly pictured:
The fair-bossed shield, with stories
Figured, I had from Thórlelfr."][7]

XVIII. Then said, Ægir: "Methinks Hrungnir was of great might. Did Thor accomplish yet more valorous deeds when he had to do with the trolls?" And Bragi answered: "It is worthy to be told at length, how Thor went to Geirrödr's dwelling. At that time he had not the hammer Mjöllnir with him, nor his Girdle of Might, nor the iron gauntlets: and that was the fault of Loki, who went with him. For once, flying in his sport with Frigg's hawk-plumage, it had happened to Loki to fly for curiosity's sake into Geirrödr's court. There he saw a great hall, and alighted and looked in through the window; and Geirrödr looked up and saw him, and commanded that the bird be taken and brought to him, But he who was sent could scarce get to the top of the wall, so high was it; and it seemed pleasant to Loki to see the man striving with toil and pains to reach him, and he thought it was not yet time to fly away until the other had accomplished the perilous climb. When the man pressed hard after him, then he stretched his wings for flight, and thrust out vehemently, but now his feet were stuck fast.

So Loki was taken and brought before Geirrödr the giant; but when Geirrödr saw his eyes, he suspected that this might be a man, and bade him answer; but Loki was silent. Then Geirrödr shut Loki into a chest and starved him there three months. And now when Geirrödr took him out and commanded him to speak, Loki told who he was; and by way of ransom for his life he swore to Geirrödr with oaths that he would get Thor to come into Geirrödr's

[7] Passages enclosed within brackets are considered by Jónsson to be spurious

dwelling in such a fashion that he should have neither hammer nor Girdle of Might with him.

"Thor came to spend the night with that giantess who was called Grídr, mother of Vídarr the Silent. She told Thor the truth concerning Geirrödr, that he was a crafty giant and ill to deal with; and she lent him the Girdle of Might and iron gloves which she possessed, and her staff also, which was called Grídr's Rod. Then Thor proceeded to the river named Vimur, greatest of all rivers. There he girded himself with the Girdle of Might and braced firmly downstream with Grídr's Rod, and Loki held on behind by the Girdle of Might. When Thor came to mid-current, the river waxed so greatly that it broke high upon his shoulders. Then Thor sang this:

Wax thou not now, Vimur,
For I fain would wade thee
Into the Giants' garth:
Know thou, if thou waxest,
Then waxeth God-strength in me
As high up as the heaven.

"Then Thor saw Gjálp, daughter of Geirrödr, standing in certain ravines, one leg in each, spanning the river, and she was causing the spate. Then Thor snatched up a great stone out of the river and cast it at her, saying these words: 'At its source should a river be stemmed.' Nor did he miss that at which he threw. In that moment he came to the shore and took hold of a rowan-clump, and so climbed out of the river; whence comes the saying that rowan is Thor's deliverance.

"Now when Thor came before Geirrödr, the companions were shown first into the goat-fold [8] for their entertainment, and there was one chair there for a seat, and Thor sat there. Then he became aware that the chair moved under him up toward the roof: he thrust Grídr's Rod up against the rafters and pushed back hard against the chair. Then there was a great crash, and screaming followed. Under the chair had been Geirrödr's daughters, Gjálp and Greip; and he had broken both their backs. Then Geirrödr had Thor

[8] So Cod. Reg. and Cod. Worm.; Cod. Upsal. and Cod. Hypn. read *gesta hús* = guest's house. Gering, Simrock, and Anderson prefer the latter reading. I have followed Jónsson in accepting *geita hús*

called into the hall to play games. There were great fires the whole length of the hall. When Thor came up over against Geirrödr, then Geirrödr took up a glowing bar of iron with the tongs and cast it at Thor. Thor caught it with his iron gloves and raised the bar in the air, but Geirrödr leapt behind an iron pillar to save himself. Thor lifted up the bar and threw it, and it passed through the pillar and through Geirrödr and through the wall, and so on out, even into the earth. Eilífr Gudrúnarson has wrought verses on this story, in *Thórsdrápa*:

[The winding sea-snake's father
Did wile from home the slayer

Of the life of the gods' grim foemen;
--(Ever was Loptr a liar)--
The never faithful Searcher
Of the heart of the fearless Thunderer
Declared green ways were lying
To the walled stead of Geirrödr.

No long space Thor let Loki
Lure him to the going:
They yearned to overmaster
Thorn's offspring, when the Seeker
Of Idi's garth, than giants
Greater in might, made ready
In ancient days, for faring
To the Giants' Seat, from Odin's.

Further in the faring
Forward went warlike Thjálfi
With the divine Host-Cheerer
Than the deceiving lover
Of her of enchanted singing:
--(I chant the Ale of Odin)--
The hill dame's Mocker measured
The moor with hollow foot-soles.

And the war-wonted journeyed
Till the hill-women's Waster
Came to Gangr's blood, the Vimur;
Then Loki's bale-repeller,
Eager in anger, lavish
Of valor, longed to struggle

Against the maid, kinswoman
Of the sedge-cowled giant.

And the honor-lessener
Of the Lady of the Sea-Crag
Won foot-hold in the surging
Of the hail-rolled leaping hill-spate;
The rock-knave's swift Pursuer
Passed the broad stream of his staff's road,
Where the foam-flecked mighty rivers
Frothed with raging venom.

There they set the staves before them
In the streaming grove of dogfish;
The wind-wood's slippery pebbles,
Smitten to speech, slept not;
The clashing rod did rattle
'Gainst the worn rocks, and the rapid
Of the fells howled, storm-smitten,
On the river's stony anvil.

The Weaver of the Girdle
Beheld the washing slope-stream
Fall on his hard-grown shoulders:
No help he found to save him;
The Minisher of hill-folk
Caused Might to grow within him
Even to the roof of heaven,
Till the rushing flood should ebb.

The fair warriors of the Æsir,
In battle wise, fast waded,

And the surging pool, sward-sweeping,
Streamed: the earth-drift's billow,
Blown by the mighty tempest,
Tugged with monstrous fury
At the terrible oppressor
Of the earth-born tribe of cave-folk.

Till Thjálfi came uplifted
On his lord Thor's wide shield-strap:
That was a mighty thew-test
For the Prop of Heaven; the maidens
Of the harmful giant stiffly
Held the stream stubborn against them;
The Giantess-Destroyer
With Grídr's staff fared sternly.

Nor did their hearts of rancor
Droop in the men unblemished,
Nor courage 'gainst the headlong
Fall of the current fail them:
A fiercer-daring spirit
Flamed in the dauntless God's breast,--
With terror Thor's staunch heart-stone
Trembled not, nor Thjálfi's.

And afterward the haters
Of the host of sword-companions,
The shatterers of bucklers,
Dinned on the shield of giants,
Ere the destroying peoples
Of the shingle-drift of monsters

Wrought the helm-play of Hedinn
'Gainst the rock-dwelling marksmen.

The hostile folk of sea-heights
Fled before the Oppressor
Of headland tribes; the dalesmen
Of the hill-tops, imperilled,
Fled, when Odin's kindred
Stood, enduring staunchly;
The Danes of the flood-reef's border
Bowed down to the Flame-Shaker.

Where the chiefs, with thoughts of valor
Imbued, marched into Thorn's house,
A mighty crash resounded
Of the cave's ring-wall; the slayer
Of the mountain-reindeer-people
On the giant-maiden's wide hood
Was brought in bitter peril:
There was baleful peace-talk.

And they pressed the high head, bearing
The piercing brow-moon's eye-flame
Against the hill-hall's rafters;
On the high roof-tree broken
He crushed those raging women:
The swinging Storm-car's Guider
Burst the stout, ancient back-ridge
And breast-bones of both women.

Earth's Son became familiar
With knowledge strange; the cave-men

Of the land of stone o'ercame not,
Nor long with ale were merry:
The frightful elm-string's plucker,
The friend of Sudri, hurtled
The hot bar, in the forge fused,
Into the hand of Odin's Gladdener.

So that Gunnr's Swift-Speeder
Seized (the Friend of Freyja),
With quick hand-gulps, the molten
High-raised draught of metal,
When the fire-brand, glowing,
Flew with maddened fury
From the giant's gripping fingers
To the grim Sire of Thrúdr.

The hall of the doughty trembled
When he dashed the massy forehead
Of the hill-wight 'gainst the bottom
Of the house-wall's ancient column;
Ullr's glorious step-sire
With the glowing bar of mischief
Struck with his whole strength downward
At the hill-knave's mid-girdle.

The God with gory hammer
Crushed utterly Glaumr's lineage;
The Hunter of the Kindred
Of the hearth-dame was victorious;
The Plucker of the Bow-String
Lacked not his people's valor,--

The Chariot-God, who swiftly
Wrought grief to the Giant's bench-thanes.

He to whom hosts make offering
Hewed down the dolt-like dwellers
Of the cloud-abyss of Elf-Home,
Crushing them with the fragment
Of Grídr's Rod: the litter
Of hawks, the race of Listi
Could not harm the help-strong
Queller of Ella's Stone-Folk.]

XIX." How should one periphrase Frigg? Call her Daughter of Fjörgynn, Wife of Odin, Mother of Baldr, Co-Wife of Jörd and Rindr and Gunnlöd and Grídr, Mother-in-law of Nanna, Lady of the Æsir and Ásynjur, Mistress of Fulla and of the Hawk-Plumage and of Fensalir.

XX. "How should one periphrase Freyja? Thus: by calling her Daughter of Njördr, Sister of Freyr, Wife of Ódr, Mother of Hnoss, Possessor of the Slain, of Sessrúmnir, of the Gib-Cats, and of Brísinga-men; Goddess of the Vanir, Lady of the Vanir, Goddess Beautiful in Tears, Goddess of Love. All the goddesses may be periphrased thus: by calling them by the name of another, and naming them in terms of their possessions or their works or their kindred.

[XXI. "How should Sif be periphrased? By calling her Wife of Thor, Mother of Ullr, Fair-Haired Goddess, Co-Wife of Járnsaxa, Mother of Thrúdr.

XXII. "How should Idunn be periphrased? Thus: by calling her Wife of Bragi, and Keeper of the Apples; and the apples should be called Age-Elixir of the Æsir. Idunn is also called Spoil of the Giant Thjazi, according to the tale that has been told before, how he took her away from the Æsir. Thjódólfr of Hvin composed verses after that tale in the*Haustlöng*:

How shall I make voice-payment
Meetly for the shield-bridge
. . . .
Of the war-wall Thórleifr gave me?
I survey the truceless faring
Of the three gods strife-foremost,
And Thjatsi's, on the shining
Cheek of the shield of battle.

The Spoiler of the Lady
Swiftly flew with tumult
To meet the high god-rulers
Long hence in eagle-plumage;
The erne in old days lighted
Where the Æsir meat were bearing

To the fire-pit; the Giant
Of the rocks was called no faint-heart.

The skilful god-deceiver
To the gods proved a stern sharer
Of bones: the high Instructor
Of Æsir, helmet-hooded,
Saw some power checked the seething;
The sea-mew, very crafty,

Spake from the ancient tree-trunk;
Loki was ill-willed toward him.

The wolfish monster ordered
Meili's Sire to deal him
Food from the holy trencher:
The friend of Him of Ravens
To blow the fire was chosen;
The Giant-King, flesh-greedy,
Sank down, where the guileless
Craft-sparing gods were gathered.

The comely Lord of All Things
Commanded Loki swiftly
To part the bull's-meat, slaughtered
By Skadi's ringing bow-string,
Among the folk, but straightway
The cunning food-defiler
Of the Æsir filched-the quarters,
All four, from the broad table.

And the hungry Sire of Giants
Savagely ate the yoke-beast
From the oak-tree's sheltering branches,--
That was in ancient ages,--
Ere the wise-minded Loki,
Warder of war-spoil, smote him,

Boldest of foes of Earth-Folk,
With a pole betwixt the shoulders.

The Arm-Burden then of Sigyn,
Whom all the gods in bonds see,

Firmly forthwith was fastened
To the Fosterer of Skadi;
To Jötunheim's Strong Dweller
The pole stuck, and the fingers
Of Loki too, companion
Of Hœnir, clung to the pole's end.

The Bird of Blood flew upward
(Blithesome in his quarry)
A long way off with Loki,
The lither God, that almost
Wolf's Sire was rent asunder;
Thor's friend must sue for mercy,
Such peace as he might purchase
To pray: nigh slain was Loptr.

Then Hymir's Kinsman ordered
The crafty god, pain-maddened,
To wile to him the Maiden
Who warded the Æsir's age-cure;
Ere long the necklace-robber,
Brísinga's thief, lured slyly
The Dame of Brunnakr's brooklet
Into the Base One's dwelling.

At that the steep slope-dwellers
No sorrow felt; then Idunn
Was from the south, by giants
New-stolen, come among them.
All Ingvi-Freyr's high kindred,
Hoary and old, to council

Hasted; grewsome of fashion
And ugly all the gods were.
. . . .[9]
This heard I, that the Staunch Friend
Of Hœnir--oft thereafter
With wiles he tricked the Æsir--
Flew, in hawk-wings hidden;
And the vile Sire of Giants,
Vigorous Wing-Plume-Wielder,
Hurtled on eagle-pinion
After the hawk-shaped Loki.

Swiftly the gods have kindled
A fire; and the sovereign rulers
Sustained the flame with shavings:
Scorched was the flying giant,--
He plunged down in mid-soaring:
'Tis pictured on the giant's
Sole-bridge, the shield which, painted
With stories, Thórleifr gave me.]

"This is the correct manner of periphrasing the Æsir: To call each of them by the name of another, and to designate him in terms of his works or his possessions or his kindred.

XXIII. "How should the heaven be periphrased? Thus: call it Skull of Ymir, and hence, Giant's Skull; Task or Burden of the Dwarves, or Helm of Vestri and Austri, Sudri, or Nordri; Land of the Sun, of the Moon, and of the Stars of Heaven, of the Wains and the Winds; Helm, or House, of the Air and the Earth and the Sun. So sang Arnórr Earls'-Skald:

So large of gifts ne'er mounted
Young Lord of Shields on ship-deck
'Neath the ancient Skull of Ymir:
Splendid this Prince's largess.

[9] "Brjála ður texti"--Jónsson, *Edda* (Reykjavik, 1907), p. 384. The condition of the text makes translation impossible

And as he sang again:

Bright grows the sun at dusking,
The earth sinks into the dark sea,
The Toil of Austri bursteth;
All the ocean on the fells breaks.

Thus sang Bödvarr the Halt:

For never 'neath the Sun's Plain
Shall come a nobler Land-Ward,
Keener in battle-onset,
Nor a brother of Ingi better.

And as Thjódólfr of Hvin sang:

Jörd's Son drove to the steel-play
(High swelled the godlike anger
In the mind of Meili's Brother),
And the Moon-Way 'neath him quivered.

Even as sang Ormr Barrey's-Skald:

Lady of Draupnir's gore-streak,
However great I know him,

The wielder (by right he ruleth)
Of the Wain's Road sees me gladly.

Even as the skald Bragi sang:

He who threw the dead eyes
Of Thjazi, Skadi's father,
Into the Winds' Wide Basin
O'er the abodes of men-folk many.

And as Markús sang:

'Tis long since the dear-loved Warder
Of sea-men was born on the wave-girt earth-bottom

Of the Storm-Container; each man praises
The sublime age of the Ring-Dispenser.

Even as Steinn Herdísarson sang:

I sing the holy Ruler
Of the high World-Tent rather
Than men, for very precious
Is He: His praises tell I.

And as Arnórr Earls'-Skald sang:

Help, dear King of Heaven,
The Day's Plain, help my Hermundr.

And as Arnórr sang further:

Soothfast King of the Sun-Tents,
Help stout-hearted Rögnvaldr.

And as Hallvardr sang:

Knútr wards the land, as the Ruler
Of All wards the radiant Fell-Hall.

As Arnórr sang:

Michael, wise of understanding,
Weighs what seems done ill, and good things:
Then the Monarch of the Sun's Helm
At the Doom-Seat parts all mortals.

XXIV. "How should one periphrase the earth? Thus: by calling her Flesh of Ymir, and Mother of Thor, Daughter of Ónarr, Odin's Bride, Co-Wife of Frigg and Rindr and Gunnlöd, Mother-in-law of Sif, Floor and Bottom of the Storm-Hall, Sea of Beasts, Daughter of Night, Sister of Audr and of Day. Even as Eyvindr Skald-Despoiler sang:

Now the beaming gold is hidden
In the body of the Mother

Of the Giants' Foe; the counsels
Of a kindred strong are mighty.

As sang Hallfredr Troublous-Skald:

In council 't was determined
That the King's friend, wise in counsel,
Should wed the Land, sole Daughter
Of Ónarr, greenly wooded.

And he said further:

The Raven-Abode's brave Ruler
Got the broad-faced Bride of Odin,
The Land, with kingly counsels
Of weapons, lured unto him.

Even as Thjódólfr-sang:

The Ruler, glad in Warriors,
In the rowed hull doth fasten
The ships of men to the strand's end,
At the head of the sea keel-ridden.

As Hallfredr sang:

Full loath to let the Land slip
I hold the lordly Spear-Prince
Audr's sister is subjected
To the splendid Treasure-Spender.

Thus sang Thjódólfr:

Far off the dart-slow sluggard
Stood, when the Sword-Inciter
In ancient days took to him
The unripe Co-Wife of Rindr.

XXV. "How should one periphrase the sea? Thus: by calling it Ymir's Blood; Visitor of the Gods; Husband of Rán; Father of Ægir's Daughters, of them who are called Himinglæva, Dúfa, Blódughadda, Hefring, Udr, Hrönn, Bylgja,

Bára, Kolga; Land of Rán and of Ægir's Daughters, of Ships and of ships' names, of the Keel, of Beaks, of Planks and Seams, of Fishes, of Ice; Way and Road of Sea-Kings; likewise Encircler of Islands; House of Sands and of Kelp and of Reefs; Land of Fishing-gear, of Sea-Fowls, and of Fair Wind. Even as Ormr Barrey's-Skald sang:

On the gravelly beach of good ships
Grates the Blood of Ymir.

As Refr sang:

The mild deer of the masthead beareth
O'er the murky water from the westward
Her wave-pressed bows; the land I look for
Before the beak; the Whale-Home shallows.

Even as Steinn sang:

When the fallow fell-wall's Whirlwinds
Wove o'er the waves full fiercely,
And Ægir's storm-glad daughters
Tore, of grim frost begotten.

And as Refr sang:

Gymir's wet-cold Spae-Wife
Wiles the Bear of Twisted Cables
Oft into Ægir's wide jaws,
Where the angry billow breaketh.

It is said here that Ægir and Gymir are both the same. And he sang further:

And the Sea-Peak's Sleipnir slitteth
The stormy breast rain-driven,

The wave, with red stain running
Out of white Rán's mouth.

As Einarr Skúlason sang:

The stern snow-wind has thrust out
With strength, the ship from landward:
The Swan-Land's steed sees Iceland
Into the surf receding.

And as he sang further:

Many a stiff rowlock straineth,
And the noisy Strand of Fish-Gear,
The Sea, the lands o'ercometh:
Men's hands oft span the stays.

And he sang yet further:

The gray Isle-Fetter urges
Heiti's raven-ship onward;
Gold beaks the fleet ships carry:
Rich that faring to the Chieftain.

And he sang again:

The Isle-Rim autumn chilly
Impels the dock's cold snowshoe.

And thus also:

The cool lands' Surging-Girdle
Before the beaks springs asunder.

As Snæbjorn sang:

They say nine brides of skerries
Swiftly move the Sea-Churn
Of Grótti's Island-Flour-Bin
Beyond the Earth's last outskirt,--
They who long the corny ale ground
Of Amlódí; the Giver
Of Rings now cuts with ship's beak
The Abiding-Place of boat-sides.

Here the sea is called Amlódi's Churn.

As Einarr Skúlason sang:

The sturdy drive-nails weaken
In the swift swirl, where paleth
Rakni's Heaving Plain: wind
Puffs the reefs against the stays.

XXVI. "How should one periphrase the sun? By calling her Daughter of Mundilfari, Sister of the Moon, Wife of Glenr, Fire of Heaven and of the Air. Even as Skúli Thorsteinsson sang:

Glenr's god-blithe Bed-Mate wadeth
Into the Goddess's mansion
With rays; then the good light cometh
Of gray-sarked Máni downward.

Thus sang Einarr Skúlason:

Whereso the lofty flickering
Flame of the World's Hall swimmeth

O'er our loved friend, who hateth
And lavisheth the sea-gold.

XXVII. "How should the wind be periphrased? Thus: call it Son of Fornjótr, Brother of the Sea and of Fire, Scathe or Ruin or Hound or Wolf of the Wood or of the Sail or of the Rigging.

Thus spake Sveinn in the *Nordrsetu-drápa*:

First began to fly
Fornjótr's sons ill-shapen.

XXVIII. "How should one periphrase fire? Thus: call it Brother of the Wind and the Sea, Ruin and Destruction of Wood and of Houses, Hálfr's Bane, Sun of Houses.

XXIX. "How should winter be periphrased? Thus: call it Son of Vindsvalr, Destruction of Serpents, Tempest Season. Thus sang Ormr Steinthórsson:

To the blind man I proffer
This blessing: Vindsvalr's Son.

Thus sang Ásgrímr:

The warlike Spoil-Bestower,
Lavish of Wealth, that winter--
Snake's-Woe--in Thrándheim tarried;
The folk knew thy true actions.

XXX. "How should one periphrase summer? Thus: call it Son of Svásudr and Comfort of Serpents, and Growth of Men. Even as Egill Skallagrímsson sang:

We shall wave our swords, O Dyer
Of Wolf's Teeth, make them glitter:
A deed we have for wreaking
In the Comfort of Dale-Serpents.

XXXI. "How should man be periphrased? By his works, by that which he gives or receives or does; he may also be periphrased in terms of his property, those things which he possesses, and, if he be liberal, of his liberality; likewise in terms of the families from which he descended, as well as of those which have sprung from him. How is one to periphrase him in terms of these things? Thus, by calling him accomplisher or performer of his goings or his conduct, of his battles or sea-voyages or huntings or weapons or ships. And because he is a tester of weapons and a winner of battles,--the words for 'winner' and 'wood' being the same, as are also those for tester' and 'rowan,'--therefore, from these phrases, skalds have called man Ash or Maple, Grove, or other masculine tree-names, and periphrased him in such expressions in terms of battles or ships or possessions. It is also correct to periphrase man with all the names of the Æsir; also with giant-terms, and this last is for the most part for mocking or libellous purposes. Periphrasis with the names of elves is held to be favorable.

"Woman should be periphrased with reference to all female garments, gold and jewels, ale or wine or any other drink, or to that which she dispenses or gives; likewise with reference to ale-vessels, and to all those things which it becomes her to perform or to give. It is correct to periphrase her thus: by

calling her giver or user of that of which she partakes. But the words for 'giver' and 'user' are also names of trees; therefore woman is called in metaphorical speech by all feminine tree-names. Woman is periphrased with reference to jewels or agates for this reason: in heathen times what was called a 'stone-necklace,' which they wore about the neck, was a part of a woman's apparel; now it is used figuratively in such a way as to periphrase woman with stones and all names of stones. Woman is also metaphorically called by the names of the Ásynjur or the Valkyrs or Norris or women of supernatural kind. It is also correct to periphrase woman in terms of all her conduct or property or family.

XXXII. "How should gold be periphrased? Thus: by calling it Ægir's Fire, and Needles of Glasir, Hair of Sif, Snood of Fulla, Freyja's Tears, Talk and Voice and Word of Giants, Draupnir's Drop and Rain or Shower of Draupnir, or of Freyja's Eyes, Otter's Ransom, Forced Payment of the Æsir, Seed of Fýris-Plain, Cairn-Roof of Hölgi, Fire of all Waters and of the Hand, Stone and Reef or Gleam of the Hand.

XXXIII. Wherefore is gold called Ægir's Fire? This tale is to the same purport as we have told before: Ægir went to Ásgard to a feast, but when he was ready to return home, he invited Odin and all the Æsir to visit him in three months' time. First came Odin and Njördr, Freyr, Týr, Bragi, Vídarr, Loki; likewise the Ásynjur: Frigg, Freyja, Gefjun, Skadi, Idunn, Sif. Thor was not there, having gone into the eastern lands to slay trolls. When the gods had sat down in their places, straightway Ægir had bright gold brought in onto the floor of the hall, and the gold gave forth light and illumined the hall like fire: and it was used there for lights at his banquet, even as in Valhall swords were used in place of fire. Then Loki bandied sharp words with all the gods, and slew one of Ægir's thralls, him who was called Five-Finger; another of his thralls was named Fire-Kindler. Rán is the name of Ægir's wife, and their daughters are nine, even as we have written before. At this feast all things were self-served, both food and ale, and all implements needful to the feast. Then the Æsir became aware that Rán had that net wherein she was wont to catch all men who go upon the sea. Now this tale is to show whence it comes that gold is called Fire or Light or Brightness of Ægir, of Rán, or of Ægir's daughters; and now such use is made of these metaphors that gold is

called Fire of the Sea, and of all names of the sea, even as Ægir or Rán had names associated with the sea. Therefore gold is now called Fire of Waters or of Rivers, and of all river names.

"But these names have fared just as other figures also have done: the later skalds have composed after the examples of the old skalds, even those examples which stood in their poems, but were later expanded into such forms as seemed to later poets to be like what was written before: as a lake is to the sea, or the river to the lake, or the brook to the river. Therefore all these are called new figures, when terms are expanded to greater length than what was recorded before; and all this seems well and good, so fair as it concurs with verisimilitude and nature. As Bragi the Skald sang:

I was given by the Battler
The fire of the Brook of Sea-Fish:

He gave it me, with mercy,
For the Drink of the Mountain-Giant.

XXXIV. "Why is gold called the Needles, or Leaves; of Glasir? In Ásgard, before the doors of Valhall, there stands a grove which is called Glasir, and its leafage is all red gold, even as is sung here:

Glasir stands
With golden leafage
Before the High God's halls.

Far and wide, this tree is the fairest known among gods and men.

XXXV. "Why is gold called Sif's Hair? Loki Laufeyarson, for mischief's sake, cut off all Sif's hair. But when Thor learned of this, he seized Loki, and would have broken every bone in him, had he not sworn to get the Black Elves to make Sif hair of gold, such that it would grow like other hair. After that, Loki went to those dwarves who are called Ívaldi's Sons; and they made the hair, and Skídbladnir also, and the spear which became Odin's possession, and was called Gungnir. Then Loki wagered his head with the dwarf called Brokkr that Brokkr's brother Sindri could not make three other precious things equal in virtue to these. Now when they came to the smithy, Sindri laid a pigskin in the hearth and bade Brokkr blow, and did not cease work

until he took out of the hearth that which he had laid therein. But when he went out of the smithy, while the other dwarf was blowing, straightway a fly settled upon his hand and stung: yet he blew on as before, until the smith took the work out of the hearth; and it was a boar, with mane and bristles of gold. Next, he laid gold in the hearth and bade Brokkr blow and cease not from his blast until he should return. He went out; but again the fly came and settled on Brokkr's neck, and bit now half again as hard as before; yet he blew even until the smith took from the hearth that gold ring which is called Draupnir. Then Sindri laid iron in the hearth and bade him blow, saying that it would be spoiled if the blast failed. Straightway the fly settled between Brokkr's eyes and stung his eyelid, but when the blood fell into his eyes so that he could not see, then he clutched at it with his hand as swiftly as he could,--while the bellows grew flat,--and he swept the fly from him. Then the smith came thither and said that it had come near to spoiling all that was in the hearth. Then he took from the forge a hammer, put all the precious works into the hands of Brokkr his brother, and bade him go with them to Ásgard and claim the wager.

"Now when he and Loki brought forward the precious gifts, the Æsir sat down in the seats of judgment; and that verdict was to prevail which Odin, Thor, and Freyr should render. Then Loki gave Odin the spear Gungnir, and to Thor the hair which Sif was to have, and Skídbladnir to Freyr, and told the virtues of all these things: that the spear would never stop in its thrust; the hair would grow to the flesh as soon as it came upon Sif's head; and Skídbladnir would have a favoring breeze as soon as the sail was raised, in whatsoever direction it might go, but could be folded together like a napkin and be kept in Freyr's pouch if he so desired. Then Brokkr brought forward his gifts: he gave to Odin the ring, saying that eight rings of the same weight would drop from it every ninth night; to Freyr he gave the boar, saying that it could run through air and water better than any horse, and it could never become so dark with night or gloom of the Murky Regions that there should not be sufficient light where be went, such was the glow from its mane and bristles. Then he gave the hammer to Thor, and said that Thor might smite as hard as he desired, whatsoever might be before him, and the hammer would not fail; and if he threw it at anything, it would never miss, and never fly so far as not to return to his hand; and if be desired, he might keep it in

his sark, it was so small; but indeed it was a flaw in the hammer that the fore-haft was somewhat short.

"This was their decision: that the hammer was best of all the precious works, and in it there was the greatest defence against the Rime-Giants; and they gave sentence, that the dwarf should have his wager. Then Loki offered to redeem his head, but the dwarf said that there was no chance of this. 'Take me, then,' quoth Loki; but when Brokkr would have laid hands on him, he was a long way off. Loki had with him those shoes with which he ran through air and over water. Then the dwarf prayed Thor to catch him, and Thor did so. Then the dwarf would have hewn off his head; but Loki said that he might have the head, but not the neck. So the dwarf took a thong and a knife, and would have bored a hole in Loki's lips and stitched his mouth together, but the knife did not cut. Then Brokkr said that it would be better if his brother's awl were there: and even as he named it, the awl was there, and pierced the lips. He stitched the Ups together, and Loki ripped the thong out of the edges. That thong, with which Loki's mouth was sewn together, is called Vartari.

XXXVI. "One may hear how gold is metaphorically called Fulla's Snood, in this verse which Eyvindr Skald-Despoiler wrought:

Fulla's shining Fillet,
The forehead's sun at rising,
Shone on the swelling shield-hill
For skalds all Hakon's life-days.

XXXVII. "Gold is called Freyja's Tears, as was said before. So sang Skúli Thorsteinsson:

Many a fearless swordsman
Received the Tears of Freyja
The more the morn when foemen
We murdered; we were present.

And as Einarr Skúlason sang:

Where, mounted 'twixt the carvings,
The Tear of Mardöll lieth,

We bear the axe shield-splitting,
Swollen with Serpent's lair-gold.

And here Einarr has further periphrased Freyja so as to call her Mother of Hnoss, or Wife of Ódr, as standeth below:

The shield, tempest's strong roof-ice,
With tear-gold is unminished,
Eye-rain of Ódr's Bed-Mate:
His age the King so useth.

And again thus:

Hörn's Child, the glorious adornment,
I own, gold-wound--a jewel
Most fair--to the shield's rim
Fast is the golden Sea-Flame:
On the gem, Freyr's Niece, the tear-drift
Of the fore-head of her Mother
She bears; the Raven-Feeder
Gave me Fródi's seed-gold's fostering.

It is also recorded here that one may periphrase Freyja by calling her Sister of Freyr.

And thus also:

A defence of songs full goodly
He freely gave me, neighbor
Of sea-scales: I praise gladly
Njördr's Daughter's golden gem-child.

Here she is called Daughter of Njördr.

And again thus:

The awesome Stately Urger
Of Odin, he who raises
The struggle stern, gave to me
The courage-stalwart daughter

Of the Vana-Bride, my fair axe;
The valorous sword-mote's Ruler
Led Gefn's girl to the Skald's bed,
Set with the sea-flame's gold-work.

Here she is called Gefn and Bride of the Vanir.--It is proper to join 'tears' with all the names of Freyja, and to call gold by such terms; and in divers ways these periphrases have been varied, so that gold is called Hail, or Rain, or Snow-Storm, or Drops, or Showers, or Water falls, of Freyja's Eyes, or Cheeks, or Brows, or Eyelids.

XXXVIII. "In this place one may hear that gold is called Word, or Voice, of Giants, as we have said before; thus sang Bragi the Skald:

Then had I the third friend
Fairly praised: the poorest
In the Voice of the Botched-Knob's Áli,
But best of all to me.

He called a rock Botched Knob, and a giant Áli of Rock, and gold Voice of the Giant.

XXXIX. "For what reason is gold called Otter's Wergild? It is related that when certain of the Æsir, Odin and Loki and Hœnir, went forth to explore the earth, they came to a certain river, and proceeded along the river to a waterfall. And beside the fall was an otter, which had taken a salmon from the fall and was eating, blinking his eyes the while. Then Loki took up a stone and cast it at the otter, and struck its head. And Loki boasted in his catch, that he had got otter and salmon with one blow. Then they took up the salmon and the otter and bore them along with them, and coming to the buildings of a certain farm, they went in. Now the husbandman who dwelt there was named Hreidmarr: he was a man of much substance, and very skilled in black magic. The Æsir asked him for a night's lodging, saying that they had sufficient food with them, and showed him their catch. But when Hreidmarr saw the otter, straight way he called to him his sons, Fáfnir and Reginn, and told them that the otter their brother was slain, and who had done that deed.

It Now father and sons went up to the Æsir, seized them, bound them, and told them about the otter, how he was Hreidmarr's son. The Æsir offered a ransom for their lives, as much wealth as Hreidmarr himself desired to appoint; and a covenant was made between them on those terms, and confirmed with oaths. Then the otter was flayed, and Hreidmarr, taking the otter-skin, bade them fill the skin with red gold and also cover it altogether; and that should be the condition of the covenant between them. Thereupon Odin sent Loki into the Land of the Black Elves, and he came to the dwarf who is called Andvari, who was as a fish in the water. Loki caught him in his hands and required of him in ransom of his life all the gold that he had in his rock; and when they came within the rock, the dwarf brought forth all the gold he had, and it was very much wealth. Then the dwarf quickly swept under his hand one little gold ring, but Loki saw it and commanded him to give over the ring. The dwarf prayed him not to take the ring from him, saying that from this ring he could multiply wealth for himself if he might keep it. Loki answered that be should not have one penny left, and took the ring from him and went out; but the dwarf declared that that ring should be the ruin of every one who should come into possession of it. Loki replied that this seemed well enough to him, and that this condition should hold good provided that he himself brought it to the ears of them that should receive the ring and the curse. He went his way and came to Hreidmarr's dwelling, and showed the gold to Odin; but when Odin saw the ring, it seemed fair to him, and he took it away from the treasure, and paid the gold to Hreidmarr. Then Hreidmarr filled the otter-skin as much as he could, and set it up when it was full. Next Odin went up, having the skin to cover with gold, and he bade Hreidmarr look whether the skin were yet altogether hidden. But Hreidmarr looked at it searchingly, and saw one of the hairs of the snout, and commanded that this be covered, else their covenant should be at an end. Then Odin drew out the ring, and covered the hair, saying that they were now delivered from their debt for the slaying of the otter. But when Odin had taken his spear, and Loki his shoes, and they had no longer any need to be afraid, then Loki declared that the curse which Andvari had uttered should be fulfilled: that this ring and this gold should be the destruction of him who received it; and that was fulfilled afterward. Now it

has been told wherefore gold is called Otter's Wergild, or Forced Payment of the Æsir, or Metal of Strife.

XL. "What more is to be said of the gold? Hreidmarr took the gold for his son's wergild, but Fáfnir and Reginn claimed some part of their brother's blood-money for themselves. Hreidmarr would not grant them one penny of the gold. This was the wicked purpose of those brethren: they slew their father for the gold. Then Reginn demanded that Fáfnir share the gold with him, half for half. Fáfnir answered that there was little chance of his sharing it with his brother, seeing that he had slain his father for its sake; and he bade Reginn go hence, else he should fare even as Hreidmarr. Fáfnir had taken the helmet which Hreidmarr had possessed, and set it upon his head (this helmet was called the Helm of Terror, of which all living creatures that see it are afraid), and the sword called Hrotti. Reginn had that sword which was named Refill. So he fled away, and Fáfnir went up to Gnita Heath, and made himself a lair, and turned himself into a serpent, and laid him down upon the gold.

"Then Reginn went to King Hjálprekr at Thjód, and there he became his smith; and he took into his fostering Sigurdr, son of Sigmundr, Völsungr's son, and of Hjördís, daughter of Eylimi. Sigurdr was. most illustrious of all Host-Kings in race, in prowess, and in mind. Reginn declared to him where Fáfnir lay on the gold, and incited him to seek the gold. Then Reginn fashioned the sword Gramr, which was so sharp that Sigurdr, bringing it down into running water, cut asunder a flock of wool which drifted down-stream onto the sword's edge. Next Sigurdr clove Reginn's anvil down to the stock with the sword. After that they went, Sigurdr and Reginn, to Gnita Heath, and there Sigurdr dug a pit in Fáfnr's way and laid him self in ambush therein. And when Fáfnir glided toward the water and came above the pit, Sigurdr straightway thrust his sword through him, and that was his end.

"Then Reginn came forward, saying that Sigurdr had slain his brother, and demanded as a condition of reconciliation that he take Fáfnir's heart and roast it with fire; and Reginn laid him down and drank the blood of Fáfnir, and settled himself to sleep. But when Sigurdr was roasting the heart, and thought that it must be quite roasted, he touched it with his finger to see how hard it was; and then the juice ran out from the heart onto his finger, so

that he was burned and put his finger to his mouth. As soon as the heart's blood came upon his tongue, straightway he knew the speech of birds, and he understood what the nuthatches were saying which were sitting in the trees. Then one spake:

There sits Sigurdr
Blood-besprinkled,
Fáfnir's heart
With flame he roasteth:
Wise seemed to me
The Spoiler of Rings
If the gleaming
Life-fibre he ate.

There lies Reginn--sang another--
Rede he ponders,
Would betray the youth
Who trusteth in him:
In his wrath he plots
Wrong accusation;
The smith of bale
Would avenge his brother.

Then Sigurdr went over to Reginn and slew him, and thence to his horse, which was named Grani, and rode till he came to Fáfnir's lair. He took up the gold, trussed it up in his saddle-bags, laid it upon Grani's back, mounted up himself, and then rode his ways. Now the tale is told why gold is called Lair or Abode of Fáfnir, or Metal of Gnita Heath, or Grani's Burden.

XLI. "Then Sigurdr rode on till he found a house on the mountain, wherein a woman in helm and birnie lay sleeping. He drew his sword and cut the birnie from her: she awoke then, and gave her name as Hildr: she is called Brynhildr, and was a Valkyr. Sigurdr rode away and came to the king who was named Gjúki, whose wife was Grímhildr; their children were Gunnarr, Högni, Gudrún, Gudný; Gotthormr was Gjúki's stepson. Sigurdr tarried there a long time, and then he obtained the hand of Gudrún, daughter of Gjúki, and Gunnarr and Högni swore oaths of blood brotherhood with Sigurdr.

Thereafter Sigurdr and the sons of Gjúki went unto Atli, Budli's son, to sue for the hand of Brynhildr his sister in marriage to Gunnarr. Brynhildr abode on Hinda-Fell, and about her hall there was a flaring fire; and she had made a solemn vow to take none but that man who should dare to ride through the flaring fire.

"Then Sigurdr and the sons of Gjúki (who were also called Niflungs) rode up onto the mountain, and Gunnarr should have ridden through the flaring fire: but he had the horse named Goti, and that horse dared not leap into the fire. So they exchanged shapes, Sigurdr and Gunnarr, and names likewise; for Grani would go under no man but Sigurdr. Then Sigurdr leapt onto Grani, and rode through the flaring fire. That eve he was wedded with Brynhildr. But when they came to bed, he drew the Sword Gramr from its sheath and laid it between them. In the morning when he arose and clothed himself, he gave Brynhildr as linen-fee the same gold ring which Loki had taken from Andvari, and took another ring from her hand for remembrance. Then Sigurdr mounted his horse and rode to his fellows, and he and Gunnarr changed shapes again and went home to Gjúki with Brynhildr. Sigurdr and Gudrún had two children, Sigmundr and Svanhildr.

"It befell on a time that Brynhildr and Gudrún went to the water to wash their hair. And when they came to the river, Brynhildr waded out from the bank well into the river, saying that she would not touch to her head the water which ran out of the hair of Gudrún, since herself had the more valorous husband. Then Gudrún went into the river after her and said that it was her right to wash her hair higher upstream, for the reason that she had to husband such a man as neither Gunnarr nor any other in the world matched in valor, seeing that he had slain Fáfnir and Reginn and succeeded to the heritage of both. And Brynhildr made answer: 'It was a matter of greater worth that Gunnarr rode through the flaring fire and Sigurdr durst not.' Then Gudrún laughed, and said: 'Dost thou think that Gunnarr rode through the flaring fire? Now I think that he who went into the bride-bed with thee was the same that gave me this gold ring; and the gold ring which thou bearest on thine hand and didst receive for linen-fee is called Andvari's Yield, and I believe that it was not Gunnarr who got that ring on Gnita Heath.' Then Brynhildr was silent, and went home.

"After that she egged on Gunnarr and Högni to slay Sigurdr; but because they were Sigurdr's sworn blood-brothers, they stirred up Gotthormr their brother to slay him. He thrust his sword through Sigurdr as he slept; but when Sigurdr felt the wound, he hurled his sword Gramr after Gotthormr, so that it cut the man asunder at the middle. There fell Sigurdr and Sigmundr, his son of three winters, whom they slew. Then Brynhildr stabbed herself with a sword, and she was burned with Sigurdr; but Gunnarr and Högni took Fáfnir's heritage and Andvari's Yield, and ruled the lands thereafter.

"King Atli, Budli's son, and brother of Brynhildr, then wedded Gudrún, whom Sigurdr had had to wife; and they had children. King Atli invited to him Gunnarr and Högni, and they came at his invitation. Yet before they departed from their land, they hid the gold, Fáfnir's heritage, in the Rhine, and that gold has never since been found. Now King Atli had a host in readiness, and fought with Gunnarr and Högni; and they were made captive. King Atli bade . the heart be cut out of Högni alive, and that was his end. Gunnarr he caused to be cast into a den of serpents. But a harp was brought secretly to Gunnarr, and he struck it with his toes, his hands being bound; he played the harp so that all the serpents fell asleep, saving only one adder, which glided over to him, and gnawed into the cartilage of his breast-bone so far that her head sank within the wound, and she clove to his liver till he died. Gunnarr and Högni were called Niflungs and Gjúkungs, for which reason gold is called Treasure, or Heritage, of the Niflungs.

["A little while after, Gudrún slew her two sons, and caused flagons to be made of their skulls, set with gold and silver. Then the funeral-feast was held for the Niflungs; and at this feast Gudrún had mead poured into the flagons for King Atli, and the mead was mixed with the blood of the boys. Moreover, she caused their hearts to be roasted and set before the king, that he might eat of them. And when he had eaten, then she herself told him what she had done, with many scathing words. There was no lack of strong drink there, so that most of the company had fallen asleep where they sat. That night she went to the king while he slept, and Högni's son with her; they smote the king, and that was the death of him. Then they set fire to the hall, and burned the folk that were within. After that she went to the shore and leaped into the sea, desiring to make an end of herself; but

she was tossed by the billows over the firth, and was borne to King Jónakr's land. And when he saw her, he took her to him and wedded her, and they had three sons, called Sörli, Hamdir, and Erpr: they were all raven-black of hair, like Gunnarr and Högni and the other Niflungs. There Svanhildr, daughter of the youth Sigurdr, was reared, and of all women she was fairest. King Jörmunrekkr the Mighty learned of her beauty, and sent his son Randvér to woo her and bring her to be his wife. When Randvér had come to the court of Jónakr, Svanhildr was given into his hands, and he should have! brought her to King Jörmunrekkr. But Earl Bikki said that it was a better thing for Randvér to wed Svandhildr, since he and she were both young, whereas Jörmunrekkr was old. This counsel pleased the young folk well. Thereupon Bikki reported the matter to the king. Straightway, King Jörmunrekkr commanded that his son be seized and led to the gallows. Then Randvér took his hawk and plucked off ins feathers, and bade that it be sent so to his father; after which he was hanged. But when King Jörmunrekkr saw the hawk, suddenly it came home to him that even as the hawk was featherless and powerless to fly, so was his kingdom shorn of its might, since he was old and childless. Then King Jörmunrekkr, riding out of the wood where he had been hunting, beheld Svanhildr as she sat washing her hair: they rode upon her and trod her to death under their horses' feet.

"But when Gudrún learned of this, she urged on her sons to take vengeance for Svanhildr. When they were preparing for their journey, she gave them birnies and helmets so strong that iron could not bite into them. She laid these instructions upon them: that, when they were come to King Jörmunrekkr, they should go up to him by night as he slept: Sörli and Hamdir should hew off his hands and feet, and Erpr his head. But when they were on their way, they asked Erpr what help they might expect from him, if they met King Jörmunrekkr. He answered that he would render them such aid as the hand affords the foot. They said that that help which the foot received from the hand was altogether nothing. They were so wroth with their mother that she had sent them away with angry words, and they desired so eagerly to do what would seem worst to her, that they slew Erpr, because she loved him most of all. A little later, while Sörli was walking, one of his feet slipped, and he supported himself on his hand; and he said: 'Now the hand assists the foot indeed; it were better now that Erpr were living.' Now

when they came to King Jörmunrekkr by night, where he was sleeping, and hewed hands and feet off him, he awoke and called upon his men, and bade them arise. And then Hamdir spake, saying: 'The head had been off by now, if Erpr lived.' Then the henchmen rose up and attacked them, but could not overmaster them with weapons; and Jörmunrekkr called out to them to beat them with stones, and it was done. There Sörli and Hamdir fell, and now all the house and offspring of Gjúki were dead. A daughter named Áslaug lived after young Sigurdr; she was reared with Heimir in Hlymdalir, and great houses are sprung from her. It is said that Sigmundr, Völsungr's son, was so strong that he could drink venom and receive no hurt; and Sinfjötli his son and Sigurdr were so hard-skinned that no venom from without could harm them: wherefore Bragi the Skald has sung thus:

When the wriggling Serpent
Of the Völsung's Drink hung writhing

On the hook of the Foeman
Of Hill-Giants' kindred.

Most skalds have made verses and divers short tales from these sagas. Bragi the Old wrote of the fall of Sörli and Hamdir in that song of praise which he composed on Ragnarr Lodbrók:

Once Jörmunrekkr awakened
To an dream, 'mid the princes
Blood-stained, while swords were swirling:
A brawl burst in the dwelling
Of Randvér's royal kinsman,
When the raven-swarthy
Brothers of Erpr took vengeance
For all the bitter sorrows.

The bloody dew of corpses,
O'er the king's couch streaming,
Fell on the floor where, severed,
Feet and hands blood-dripping
Were seen; in the ale-cups' fountain
He fell headlong, gore-blended:

On the Shield, Leaf of the Bushes
Of Leifi's Land, 't is painted.

There stood the shielded swordsmen,
Steel biting not, surrounding
The king's couch; and the brethren
Hamdir and Sörli quickly
To the earth were beaten
By the prince's order,

To the Bride of Odin
With hard stones were battered.

The swirling weapons' Urger
Bade Gjúki's race be smitten
Sore, who from life were eager
To ravish Svanhildr's lover;
And all pay Jónakr's offspring
With the fair-piercing weapon,
The render of blue birnies,
With bitter thrusts and edges.

I see the heroes' slaughter
On the fair shield-rim's surface;
Ragnarr gave me the Ship-Moon
With many tales marked on it.]

XLII. "Why is gold called Fródi's Meal? This is the tale thereof: One of Odin's sons, named Skjöldr,--from whom the Skjöldungs are come,--had his abode and ruled in the realm which now is called Denmark, but then was known as Gotland. Skjöldr's son, who ruled the land after him, was named Fridleifr. Fridleifr's son was Fródi: he succeeded to the kingdom after his father, in the time when Augustus Caesar imposed peace on all the world; at that time Christ was born. But because Fródi was mightiest of all kings in the Northern lands, the peace was called by his name wherever the Danish tongue was spoken; and men call it the Peace of Fródi. No man injured any other, even though he met face to face his father's slayer or his brother's, loose or bound. Neither was there any thief nor robber then, so that a gold ring lay

long on Jalangr's Heath. King Fródi went to a feast in Sweden at the court of the king who was called Fjölnir, and there he bought two maid-servants, Fenja and Menja: they were huge and strong. In that time two mill-stones were found in Denmark, so great that no one was so strong that he could turn them: the nature of the mill was such that whatsoever he who turned asked for, was ground out by the mill-stones. This mill was called Grótti. He who gave King Fródi the mill was named Hengikjöptr. King Fródi had the maid-servants led to the mill, and bade them grind gold; and they did so. First they ground gold and, peace and happiness for Fródi; then he would grant them rest or sleep no longer than the cuckoo held its peace or a song might be sung. It is said that they sang the song which is called the Lay of Grótti, and this is its beginning:

Now are we come
To the king's house,
The two fore-knowing,
Fenja and Menja:
These are with Fródi
Son of Fridleifr,
The Mighty Maidens,
As maid-thralls held.

And before they ceased their singing, they ground out a host against Fródi, so that the sea-king called Mýsingr came there that same night and slew Fródi, taking much plunder. Then the Peace of Fródi was ended. Mýsingr took Grótti with him, and Fenja and Menja also, and bade them grind salt. And at midnight they asked whether Mýsingr were not weary of salt. He bade them grind longer. They had ground but a little while, when down sank the ship; and from that time there has been a whirlpool the sea where the water falls through the hole in the mill-stone. It was then that the sea became salt.

["The lay of Grótti:

They to the flour-mill
Were led, those maidens,
And bidden tirelessly

To turn the gray mill-stone:
He promised to neither
Peace nor surcease
Till he had heard
The handmaids' singing.

They chanted the song
Of the ceaseless mill-stone:
'Lay we the bins right,
Lift we the stones!'
He urged the maidens
To grind on ever.

They sung and slung
The whirling stone
Till the men of Fródi
For the most part slept;
Then spake Menja,
To the mill coming:

'Wealth grind we for Fródi,
We grind it in plenty,

Fullness of fee
At the mill of fortune:
Let him sit on riches
And sleep on down;
Let him wake in weal:
Then well 't is ground.

Here may no one
Harm another,
Contrive evil,
Nor cast wiles for slaying,
Nor slaughter any
With sword well sharpened,
Though his brother's slayer
In bonds he find.'

But he spake no word
Save only this:
'Sleep ye no longer
Than the hall-cuckoo's silence,
Nor longer than so,
While one song is sung.'

'Thou wast not, Fródi,
Full in wisdom,
Thou friend of men,
When thou boughtest the maidens:
Didst choose for strength
And outward seeming;
But of their kindred
Didst not inquire.

'Hardy was Hrungnir,
And his father;
Yet was Thjazi
Than they more mighty:
Idi and Aurnir
Of us twain are kinsmen,--
Brothers of Hill-Giants,
Of them were we born.

Grótti had not come
From the gray mountain,
Nor the hard boulder
From the earth's bosom,
Nor thus would grind
The Hill-Giants' maiden,
If any had known
The news of her.

'We nine winters
Were playmates together,
Mighty of stature,

'Neath the earth's surface,
The maids had part
In mighty works:
Ourselves we moved
Mighty rocks from their place.

'We rolled the rock
O'er the Giants' roof-stead,
So that the ground,
Quaking, gave before us;

So slung we
The whirling stone,
The mighty boulder,
Till men took it.

'And soon after
In Sweden's realm,
We twain fore-knowing
Strode to the fighting;
Bears we hunted,
And shields we broke;
We strode through
The gray-mailed spear-host.

We cast down a king,
We crowned another;
To Gotthormr good
We gave assistance;
No quiet was there
Ere Knúi fell.

'This course we held
Those years continuous,
That we were known
For warriors mighty;
There with sharp spears
Wounds we scored,

Let blood from wounds,
And reddened the brand.

'Now are we come
To the king's abode

Of mercy bereft
And held as bond-maids;
Clay eats our foot-soles,
Cold chills us above;
We turn the Peace-Grinder:
'T is gloomy at Fródi's.

'Hands must rest,
The stone must halt;
Enough have I turned,
My toil ceases:
Now may the hands
Have no remission
Till Fródi hold
The meal ground fully.

'The hands should hold
The hard shafts,
The weapons gore-stained,--
Wake thou, Fródi!
Wake thou, Fródi,
If thou wouldst hearken
To the songs of us twain
And to ancient stories.

'Fire I see burning
East of the burg,
War-tidings waken,
A beacon of warning:
A host shall come
Hither, with swiftness,

And fire the dwellings
Above King Fródi.

'Thou shalt not hold
The stead of Hleidr,
The red gold rings
Nor the gods' holy altar;
We grasp the handle,
Maiden, more hardly,--
We were not warmer
In the wound-gore of corpses.

'My father's maid
Mightily ground
For she saw the feyness
Of men full many;
The sturdy posts
From the flour-box started,
Made staunch with iron.
Grind we yet swifter.

'Grind we yet swifter!
The son of Yrsa,
Hálfdanr's kinsman,
Shall come with vengeance
On Fródi's head:
Him shall men call
Yrsa's son and brother.
We both know that.'

The maidens ground,
Their might they tested,

Young and fresh
In giant-frenzy:
The bin-poles trembled,
And burst the flour-box;

In sunder burst
The heavy boulder.

And the sturdy bride
Of Hill-Giants spake:
'We have ground, O Fródi!
Soon we cease from grinding;
The women have labored
O'er long at the grist.'

Thus sang Einarr Skúlason:

I have heard that Fródi's hand-maids
Ground in the mill full gladly
The Serpent's Couch; with gold-meal
The king lets peace be broken:
The fair cheeks of my axe-head,
Fitted with maple, show forth
Fenja's Grist; exalted
Is the skald with the good king's riches.

So sang Egill:

Glad are full many men
In Fródi's meal.]

XLIII. "Why is gold called Kraki's Seed? In Denmark there was a king called Hrólfr Kraki: he was most renowned of all ancient kings for munificence, valor, and graciousness. One evidence of his graciousness which is often brought into stories is this: A little lad and poor, Vöggr by name, came into the hall of King Hrólfr. At that time the king was young, and of slender stature. Vöggr came into his presence and looked up at him; and the king said: 'What wouldst thou say, lad, for thou lookest at me?' Vöggr answered: 'When I was at home, I heard say that Hrólfr the king at Hleidr was the greatest man in the northern lands; but now there sitteth in the high seat a little pole, and he is called King.' Then the king made answer: 'Thou, boy, hast given me a name, so that I shall be called Hrólfr the Pole (Kraki); and it is the custom that the giving of a name be accompanied by a gift. Now I see

that with the name which thou has fastened on me, thou hast no gift such as would be acceptable to me, wherefore he that has wherewith to give shall give to the other.' And he took from his hand a gold ring and gave it to him. Then Vöggr said: 'Above all kings be thou most blessed of givers! Now I swear an oath that I shall be that man's slayer who slays thee.' Then spake the king, laughing loudly: 'Vöggr is pleased with a small thing.'

"Another example is the tale told concerning the valor of Hrólfr Kraki: That king whom men call Adils ruled over Uppsala; he had to wife Yrsa, mother of Hrólfr Kraki. He was at strife with the king who ruled over Norway, whose name was Ali; the two joined battle on the ice of the lake called Vaeni. King Adils sent an embassy to Hrólfr Kraki, his stepson, praying him to come to his aid, and promised wages to all his host so long as they should be away; King Hrólfr himself should have three precious gifts, whatsoever three he might choose from all Sweden. King Hrólfr could not make the journey in person, owing to the strife in which he was engaged with the Saxons; but he sent to Adils his twelve berserks: Bödvar-Bjarki was there for one, and Hjalti the Stout-Hearted, Hvítserkr the Stern, Vöttr Véseti, and the brethren Svipdagr and Beigudr. In that battle King Áli fell, and the great part of his host with him; and King Adils took from him in death the helm Battle-Swine and his horse Raven. Then the berserks of Hrólfr Kraki demanded for their hire three pounds of gold for each man of them; and in addition they required that they might bear to Hrólfr Kraki those gifts of price which they had chosen for him: which were the Helm Battle-Boar and the birnie Finn's Heritage,--on neither of which iron would take hold,--and the gold ring which was called Pig of the Swedes, which Adils' forefathers had had. But the king denied them all these things, nor did he so much as pay their hire: the berserks went away ill-pleased with their share, and told the state of things to Hrólfr Kraki.

"Straightway he begin his journey to Uppsala; and when he had brought his ships into the river Fýri, he rode at once to Uppsala, and his twelve berserks with him, all without safe-conduct. Yrsa, his mother, welcomed him and led him to lodgings, but not to the king's hall: fires were made there before them, and ale was given them to drink. Then men of King Adils came in and heaped firewood onto the fire, and made it so great that the clothes were

burnt off Hrólfr and his men. And the fellows spake: 'Is it true that Hrólfr Kraki and his berserks shun neither fire nor iron?' Then Hrólfr Kraki leapt up, and all they that were with him; and he said:

'Add we to the fire
In Adils' dwelling!'

took his shield and cast it onto the fire, and leapt over the flames, while the shield burnt; and he spake again:

'He flees not the flames
Who o'er the fire leapeth!'

Even so did his men, one after another; and they laid hands on those fellows who had heaped up the fire, and cast them into the flames. Then Yrsa came and gave Hrólfr Kraki a deer's horn full of gold, the ring Pig of the Swedes being with the gold; and she bade them ride away to the host. They vaulted onto their horses and rode down into the Plain of the Fýri; and soon they saw King Adils riding after them with his host all in armor, hoping to slay them. Then Hrólfr Kraki plunged his right hand down into the horn, grasped the gold, and strewed it all about the road. When the Swedes saw that, they leapt down out of their saddles, and each took up as much as he could lay hold of; but King Adils bade them ride on, and himself rode furiously . His horse was called Slöngvir, swiftest of all horses. Then Hrólfr Kraki saw that King Adils was drawing close up to him, took the ring, Pig of the Swedes, and threw it toward him, and bade him receive it as a gift. King Adils rode at the ring and thrust at it with his spear-point, and let it slide down over the shaft-socket. Then Hrólfr Kraki turned back and saw how he bent down, and spake: 'Now I have made him who is mightiest of Swedes stoop as a swine stoops.' Thus they parted. For this cause gold is called Seed of Kraki or of Fýri's Plain. Thus sang Eyvindr Skald-Despoiler:

God of the blade of battle,
We bear through Hákon's life-days
The Seed of Fýri's valley
On our arms, where sits the falcon.

Even as Thjódólfr sang:

The king sows the bright seed-corn
Of knuckle-splendid gold rings,
With the crop of Yrsa's offspring,
In his company's glad hand-grasp;
The guileless 'Land-Director
With Kraki's gleaming barley
Sprinkles my arms, the flesh-grown
Seat of the hooded falcon.

XLIV. "It is said that the king called Hölgi, from whom Hálogaland is named, was the father of Thorgerdr Hölgabrúdr; sacrifice was made to both of them, and a cairn was raised over Hölgi: one layer of gold or silver (that was the sacrificial money), and another layer of mould and stones. Thus sang Skúli Thorsteinsson:

When I reddened Reifnir's Roof-Bane,
The ravening sword, for wealth's sake
At Svöldr, I heaped with gold rings
Warlike Hölgi's cairn-thatch.

In the ancient *Bjarkamál* many terms for gold are told: it says there:

The king most gift-gracious
His guardsmen enriched

With Fenja's Labor,
With Fáfnir's Midgard,
Glasir's bright Needles,
Grani's fair Burden,
Draupnir's dear dripping,
Down of Grafvitnir.

The free-handed Lord gave,
The heroes accepted,
Sif's firm-grown tresses,
Ice of the bow-force,
Otter-gild unwilling,
Weeping of Mardöll,

Fire-flame of Órun,
Idi's fine Speeches.

The warrior rejoiced;
We walked in fair garments,
In Thjazi's counsels
The people's host-countless,
In the Rhine's red metal,
Wrangling of Niflungs,
The leader war-daring,
Warded Baldr not.

XLV. Gold is metaphorically termed Fire of the Hand, or of the Limb, or of the Leg, because it is red; but silver is called Snow, or Ice, or Hoar-Frost, because it is white. In like manner, gold or silver may be periphrased in metaphors of purse, or crucible, or lather, and both silver and gold may be called Hand-Stone, or Necklace, of any man who was wont to have a necklace. Necklaces and rings are both silver and gold, if no other distinction is raised.

As Thorleikr the Fair sang:

The kindly Prince the Load casts
Of Crucibles on the Hawk-Seats
Of thanes, the wrists embellished,--
Gives Embers of the Arm-joint.

And as Einarr Tinkling-Scale sang:

The land-strong King of Lurid
Breaks the golden Limb-Brands;
I think the Prince of Warriors
Lacks not the Rhine's bright Pebbles.

Thus sang Einarr Skúlason:

The Purse-Snow and the Sea-Fire
Lie on both sides of the axe-head

Blood-spilling; 't is my office
To praise our foemen's Scather.

And as he sang further:

The Sea-Glow each day standeth
O'er the Crucible's white Snow-Drift,
And the shield, ships' cheeks protecting,
Shelters a heart most lavish;
Ne'er can one melt the silver
Flagon-Snow in the Fire-Flame
Of the Eel's Stream-Road; the Feller
Of Hosts all feats performeth.

Here gold is called Fire of the Eel's Stream-Road; and silver, Snow of Flagons.

Thus sang Thórdr Mæri's Skald:

The glad Giver of the Hand-Waste
Of the Gold-Minisher perceiveth
That the Hermódr of the Snake's Lair
Hath had a lordly father.

XLVI. "Man is called Breaker of Gold, even as Óttarr the Swarthy sang:

I needs must use the Breaker
Of the Battle-Glow of good men;
Here is the watch war-doughty
Of the Wise King assembled.

Or Gold-Sender, as Einarr Tinkling-Scale sang:

The Sender of Gold permitteth
The silent earth to hearken
To song; his gifts I gather:
The prince his young men gladdens.

Gold-Caster, as Thorleikr sang:

Gold-Caster makes loyal to him
His guard with kingly armor.

Gold's Adversary, as sang Thorvaldr Blending-Skald:

The gold's foe Hot Coals casteth
Of the Arm; the king gives red wealth;

The vile folk's Desolator
Dispenseth the Freight of Grani.

Gold-Towerer, as is written here:

The Gold-Towerer in friendship
I got, and of the Warrior,
Son of the glowing War-Blade,
I make a song of praise.

Woman is periphrased in metaphors of gold, being called Willow or Giver of Gold, as Hallarsteinn sang:

He who casts the Amber
Of Vidblindi's Boar's cool, salt Drink,
Long will recall the Willow
Of the Reed-Snake's golden River.

Here the whale is called Boar of Vidblindi; this Vidblindi was a giant who drew whales out of the sea like fishes. The Drink of Whales is the sea; Amber of the Sea is gold; woman is the Willow, or Dealer, of that gold which she gives; and the willow is a tree. Therefore, as is already shown, woman is periphrased with all manner of feminine tree-names: she is also called User of that which she gives; and the word for 'user' also signifies a log, the tree which falls in the forest.

Thus sang Gunnlaugr Serpent's-Tongue:

That dame was born to stir strife
Among the sons of men-folk;
The War-Bush caused that; madly
I yearned to have the Wealth-Log.

Woman is called Forest; so sang Hallarsteinn:

With the well-trained Plane of Singing,
The tongue, I have planed, my Lady,
Dame of the First Song's ale-vats,
Forest fair of Flagons.

Fagot, as Steinn sang:

Thou shalt, O fresh Sif-Tender
Of the Flood's gold Fire, like other
Fagots of Hjadnings' gravel,
Break with thy good fortune.

Prop, as Ormr Steinthórsson sang:

The Prop of Stone was clothèd
In garments clean and seemly:
A new cloak did the hero
Cast o'er the Mead's bright Valkyr.

Post, as Steinarr sang:

All my dreams of the gracious Goddess
Of the bracelet-girded soft arms
Have lied to me; the Stream-Moon's
Unsteadfast Prop beguiled me.

Birch, as Ormr sang:

For a mark of the Birch
Of the bright hollow ring,
The palm-flame, I laid
On the dwarf-flagon, my song.

Oak, even as stands here:

The fair shaped Oak of Riches
Stands, our mirth forestalling.

Linden, even as is written here:

O dreadful, towering Elm-Tree
Of the dinning shower of weapons,
Our courage shall not lessen:
So bade the Linen's Linden.

Man is periphrased in tree-metaphors, as we have written before; he is called Rowan, or Tester, of Weapons, or of Combats, of Expeditions and of Deeds, of Ships, and of all that which he wields and tests; thus sang Úlfr Uggason:

But the flashing-eyed stiff Edge-Rope
Of the Earth stared past the gunwale
At the Rowan-Tree of the people
Of Stone, the Giant-Tester.

Tree and Beam, as Kormákr sang:

The Beam of the murdering Sword-Twig
Is taller than are many
In the Din of Darts; the sword wins.
The land for dauntless Sigurdr.

Grove, as sang Hallfredr Troublous-Skald:

The Mighty Grove and Faithful
Of the Shield-Murderer, budded

With hair, stands in the Eastlands
Safe with Ullr's Ash-Warriors.

Here he is also called Ash.

Box, as Arnórr sang:

The Box of Ships bade the Rygir
Bring the shields together
At early dusk; through the spear-rain
Of strife-clouds held the autumn night.

Ash, as Refr sang:

The Strife-Lord, gracious Giver,
Sought the Maid's bed gold-sprinkled;
The Ash of Odin's War-Sleet
Won the estate of manhood.

Maple, as here:

Hail, Maple of the Ice-Lumps
Of the Hand!' So spake the Birnie.

Tree, as Refr sang:

Since I have appointed
To proffer Odin's Breast-Sea,
The War-God's Verse, to Thorsteinn;
The Tree of Swords so wills it.

Staff, as Óttarr sang:

Thou, fierce War-Staff, maintainedst
Maugre two kings, thy borders

With heroes' kin, where the ravens
Starved not; keen-hearted art thou.

Thorn, as Arnórr sang:

He gathered, the young Wealth-Thorn,
Many great heaps of corpses
For the eagles, and his henchmen
Guided and helped the hero.

XLVII. "How should battle be periphrased? By calling it Storm of Weapons or of Sheltering Shields, or of Odin or the Valkyrs, or of Host-Kings; and Din and Clashing.

Thus sang Hornklofi:

The king hath held a Spear-Storm
With heroes, where the eagles

Screamed at the Din of Skögul;
The red wounds spat out blood.

Thus sang Eyvindr:

And that hero
At Háar's Tempest
Wore a sark
Of gray wolf-skin.

Thus sang Bersi:

In earlier days I seemed not
To Gunn's War-Bushes useful
In the Sleet of Hlökk, when younger
We were: so 't is said.

Thus sang Einarr:

The stark prince lets Hildr's Shield-Sails
Take the sternest crashing Storm-Wind
Of the Valkyr, where hail of bow-strings
Drives; the sword-blade hammers.

As Einarr Tinkling-Scale sang:

The mail-sarks of the warriors,
Firm-woven, did not shelter
The seemly youths 'gainst Högni's
Showers of Hákon's onset.

Even as here:

They set the Point-Net's edge-band
Against the Point-Crash-Urger.

And again:

'Neath eagles' claws the king's foes
Sank at the Clash of Göndul.

XLVIII. "Weapons and armor should be periphrased in figures of battle, and with reference to Odin and the Valkyrs and host-kings: one should call a helmet Cowl, or Hood; a birnie, Sark, or Kirtle; a shield, Tent; and a shield-wall is termed Hall and Roof, Wall and Floor. Shields, periphrased in figures of warships, are called Sun, or Moon, or Leaf, or Sheen, or Garth, of the Ship; the shield is also called Ship of Ullr, or periphrased in terms of Hrungnir's feet, since he stood upon his shield. On ancient shields it was customary to paint a circle, which was called the 'ring,' and shields are called in metaphors of that ring. Hewing weapons, axes or swords, are called Fires of Blood, or of Wounds; swords are called Odin's Fires; but men call axes by the names of troll-women, and periphrase them in terms of blood or wounds or a forest or wood. Thrusting weapons are properly periphrased by calling them by names of serpents or fishes. Missile weapons are often metaphorically termed hail or sleet or storm. Variants of all these figures have been made in many ways, for they are used chiefly in poems of praise, where there is need of such metaphors.

So sang Víga-Glúmr:

With the Hanged-God's helmet
The hosts have ceased from going
By the brink; not pleasant
The bravest held the venture.

Thus sang Einarr Tinkling-Scale:

Helm-folded strife-bold Búi,--
Who from the south went forth
Into Gunn's Crash,--and din-swift
Sigvaldi offered battle.

Sark of Ródi, as Tindr sang:

When came the birnied Hákon
To cast away the ring-rent
Streaming Sark of Odin,
Ródi's rocking sea-steeds were cleared.

Hamdir's Kirtle, as Hallfredr sang:

The war-sleet hard and streaming
Of Egill's weapons breaketh
Fiercely on Hamdir's Kirtles
Of the foremost wave-deer's warriors.

Sörli's Garments, as he sang further:

Thence the bright Weeds of Sörli
In men's blood must be reddened;
I hear it clearly: Wound-Fire
In cutting showers of iron.

Shields are called Tents of Hlökk, as Grettír sang:

Hlökk's Tent-Raisers held their noses
Together, and the heroes
Of the Rain-Storm of Hildr's Shield-Wall
Hewed at each other's beards.

Ródi's Roof, as Einarr sang:

Ródi's Roof's great Ice-Lump
For the Rain of Freyja's Eyelids
Grows not less, my fair axe-head;
His age my lord so useth.

Wall of Hildr, as Grettír sang, and as we have written before.

Ship-Sun, as Einarr sang:

In the sea Ólafr's Kinsman
Reddens the flame of the Ship-Sun.

Moon of the Ship's Cheek, as Refr sang:

Fair was the day, when Scatterers
Of Arm-Fire thrust the clear Moon
Of the Cheek into my hand-clasp,
The coiling track of red rings.

Ship's Garth, as here:

The swift Sweller of the Spear-Crash
Shot through the stain-dyed Prow-Garth
As it were birch-bark; truly
He was a bitter battler.

Ash of Ullr, as here:

The Snow-Gusts of Ullr's Ash-Ship
Grimly o'er our Prince shoot
With fullness, where are tossing
The fearsome covered spike-spars.

Blade of Hrungnir's Foot-Soles, as Bragi sang:

Wilt hear, O Hrafnketill,
How I shall praise the Sole-Blade
Of Thrúdr's thief, stain-covered
With skill, and praise my king.

Bragi the Skald sang this concerning the ring on the shield:

Unless it be, that Sigurdr's
Renowned Son would have payment
In good kind for the ring-nave
Of the Ringing Wheel of Hildr.

He called the shield Wheel of Hildr, and the ring the Nave of the Wheel.

Ring-Earth, as Hallvardr sang:

The Chief of ranks of Combat
Sees the red-gleaming Ring-Earth
Fly in two parts; the white disk,
The pictured, bursts in sunder.

It is also sung:

A ring befits the shield best;
Arrows befit the bow.

A sword is Odin's Fire, as Kormákr sang:

The fight swelled, when the Warrior,
The Wolf's blithe Feeder, in tumult
Fared with Odin's ringing Fire-Flame;
Urdr came forth from the Well.

Fire of the Helm, as Úlfr Uggason sang:

The very mighty Maiden
Of the Mountain made the Sea-Horse
Roll forward, but the Champions
Of Odin's Helm-Fire felled her Wolf-Steed.

Fire of the Birnie, as Glúmr Geirason sang:

At that the Land-Protector
Let the Birnie's Streaming Fire whine,
Hone-whetted, he who warded
Him strongly 'gainst the warriors.

Ice of the Rim, and Hurt of Sheltering Weapons, as Einarr sang:

I received the Ice of Wed Rims,
With Freyja's golden Eye-Thaw,
From the upright prince high-hearted;
We bear in hand the Helm's Hurt.

An axe is called Troll-Woman of Sheltering Weapons, as Einarr sang:

Ræfill's Sea-Steed's Riders
May see how, richly carven,
The dragons close are brooding
'Gainst the brow of the Helm-Ogress.

A spear is called Serpent, as Refr sang:

My angry Murky Serpent
Of the markings of the Shield-Board
Savagely doth sport, in
My palms, where men in strife meet.

Arrows are called Hail of the Bow or Bowstring, or of the Shelters, or of Battle, as Einarr Tinkling-Scale sang:

The hammering King of Swords shook
From the Sails of Hlökk the Bow-Hail:
Bravely the Wolf's Supporter
Warded his life in battle.

And Hallfredr:

And the armor of the Spear-Sleet,
Knitted with iron, saved not

The saters of hungry ravens
From the Shaft-Hail of the Bowstring.

And Eyvindr Skald- Despoiler:

They said, O Hörds' Land-Warder,
Thy spirit little faltered,
When the Birnie's Hail in the wound burst;
Bent were the stringèd elm-bows.

XLIX. "Battle is called Storm or Snow-Shower of the Hjadnings, and weapons are termed Fire or Wands of Hjadnings; and this is the tale thereof: that king who was called Högni had a daughter named Hildr: her King Hedinn, son of Hjarrandi, took as the spoils of war, while King Högni attended an assembly of kings. But when he learned that there had been raiding in his realm and his daughter had been borne off, he departed with his host to seek Hedinn, and heard tidings of him, that he was proceeding northward along the land. When Högni had come into Norway, he learned that Hedinn had sailed westward over the sea. Then Högni sailed after him, even to the Orkneys; and when he landed at the place called Hoy, Hedinn was already there before him with his host. Then Hildr went to meet her father, and offered him a necklace on Hedinn's behalf, for reconciliation and peace; but if it were not accepted, she said, Hedinn was ready to fight, and Högni might hope for no mercy at his hands.

"Högni answered his daughter harshly; and when she returned to Hedinn, she told him that Högni desired no reconciliation, and she bade him make ready for battle. So did both parties: they went to the island and marshalled their hosts. Then Hedinn called to Högni his father-in-law, offering him reconciliation and much gold in compensation. But Högni answered: 'Thou hast made this offer over-late, if thou wouldst make peace: for now I have drawn Dáinsleif, which the dwarves made, and which must cause a man's death every time it is bared, nor ever fails in its stroke; moreover, the wound heals not if one be scratched with it.' Then said Hedinn: 'Thou dost boast in the sword, but not in the victory; I call any sword good which is faithful to its lord.' Then they began that famous battle which is called the Hjadnings' Strife, and they fought all that day, but at evening the kings went to their ships. Now Hildr went to the slain by night, and with magic quickened all those that were dead. The next day the kings went to the battlefield and fought, and so did all those that had fallen on the day before. So the fight went one day after the other: all who fell, and all those weapons which lay on the field, and the shields also, were turned to stone; but when day dawned, up rose all the dead men and fought, and all weapons were renewed. It is said in songs that in this fashion the Hjadnings shall continue unto the Weird of the Gods. Bragi the Skald composed verses after this tale in Ragnarr Lodbrók's *Song of Praise*:

And the belovèd Maiden
Of the veins' blood-letting
Purposed to bring, for wrath's sake,
The bow-storm to her father:
When the ring-wearing lady,
The woman full of evil,
Bore the neck-ring of War-Doom
To the Battler of the Wind's Steeds.

That gory Wound-Amender
To the glorious Monarch offered
The necklace not for fear's sake,
At the mote of fatal weapons:
Ever as restraining battle

She seemed, although she goaded
Warriors to walk the death-road
With the ravening Wolf's dire Sister.

The Prince of Folk, the Land-God,
Let not the fight, wolf-gladdening,
Halt, nor slaughter on the sands cease,--
Hate, deadly, swelled in Högni,
When the stern Lords of Sword-Din
Sought Hedinn with stern weapons,
Rather than receive
The necklet-rings of Hildr.

And that baleful Witch of Women,
Wasting the fruits of victory,
Took governance on the island
O'er the axe, the Birnie's Ruin;
All the Ship-King's war-host
Went wrathful 'neath the firm shields
Of Hjarrajidi, swift-marching
From Reifnir's fleet sea-horses.

On the fair shield of Svölnir
One may perceive the onslaught;
Ragnarr gave me the Ship-Moon,
With many tales marked on it.

Battle is called Storm of Odin, as is recorded above; so sang Víga-Glúmr:

I cleared my way aforetime
Like earls to lands; the word went
Of this among the Storm-Staves,
The men of Vidrir's Sword-Wand.

Here battle is called Storm of Vidrir, and the sword is the Wand of Battle; men are Staves of the Sword. Here, then, both battle and weapons are used to make metaphors for man. It is called 'inlaying,' when one writes thus.

"The shield is the Land of Weapons, and weapons are Hail or Rain of that land, if one employs figures of later coinage.

L. "How should the ship be periphrased? Call it Horse or Deer or Snowshoe of the Sea-King, or of Ship's Rigging, or of Storm. Steed of the Billow, as Hornklofi sang:

The Counsel-Stern Destroyer
Of the pale Steed of the Billow
When full young let the ships' prows
Press on the sea at flood-tide.

Geitir's Steed, as Erringar-Steinn sang:

But though to the skald all people
This strife from the south are telling,
We shall yet load Geitir's Sea-Steed
With stone; we voyage gladly.

Sveidi's Reindeer:

O Son of Sveinn strife-valiant,
Thou comest with Sveidi's Reindeer,
Long of seam, on the Seat of Sölsi;
The Sound-Deer from land glided.

So sang Hallvardr. Here the ship is also called Deer of the Sound; and the Sea is called Sölsi's Seat.

Thus sang Thórdr Sjáreksson:

The swift Steed of the Gunwale
Around Sigg veered from northward,
The gust shoved Gylfi's Stream's Mirth,
The Gull's Wake-Horse, to southward
Of Aumar, laying fleetly
Both Körmt and Agdir's coastline
Along the stern; by Listi
The Leek's Steed lightly bounded.

Here the ship is called Steed of the Gunwale; and the sea is Gylfi's Land; the sea is also called Gull's Wake. The ship is called Horse, and further, Horse of the Leek: for 'leek' means 'mast.'

And again, as Markús sang:

The Stream's Winterling waded
Stoutly the Firth-Snake's Snow-Heaps;
The Tusker of the Mast-Head
Leaped o'er the Whale's spurned House-Tops;
The Bear of the Flood strode forward
On the ancient paths of sea-ships;

The Stay's Bear, shower-breasting.
Broke the Reef's splashing Fetter.

Here the ship is called Winterling of the Stream: a bear cub is called a Winterling; and a bear is called Tusker; the Bear of the Stay is a ship.

The ship is also called Reindeer, and so Hallvardr sang, as we have written before; and Hart, as King Haraldr Sigurdarson sang:

By Sicily then widely
The Seam cut: we were stately;
The Sea-Hart glided swiftly
As we hoped beneath the heroes.

And Elk, as Einarr sang:

The ring's mild Peace-Dispenser,
The princely hero, may not
Long bide with thee, if something
Aid not; we boune the Flood's Elk.

And Otter, as Máni sang:

What, laggard carle with gray cheeks,
Canst do among keen warriors
On the Otter of the Sea-Waves?
For thy strength is ebbing from thee.

Wolf, as Refr sang:

And the Hoard-Diminisher hearkened
To Thorsteinn; true my heart is

To the Lord of the Wolf of Billows
In the baleful Wrath-Wand's conflict.

And Ox also. The ship is called Snowshoe, or Wagon, or Wain. Thus sang Eyjólfr the Valiant Skald:

Late in the day the young Earl
In the Snowshoe of Landless Waters
Fared with equal following
To meet the fearless chieftain.

Thus sang Styrkárr Oddason:

Högni's host drove the Wagons
Of Rollers o'er Heiti's snow-Heaps,
Angrily pursuing
The great Giver of Flood-Embers.

And as Thorbjörn sang:

The Freighter of Wave-Crests' Sea-Wain
Was in the font of christening,
Hoard-Scatterer, who was given
The White Christ's highest favor.

LI. "How should one periphrase Christ? Thus: by calling Him Fashioner of Heaven and Earth, of Angels, and of the Sun; Governor of the World and of the Heavenly Kingdom and of Jerusalem and Jordan and the Land of the Greeks; Counsellor of the Apostles and of the Saints. Ancient skalds have written of Him in metaphors of Urdr's Well and Rome; as Eilífr Gudrúnarson sang:

So has Rome's Mighty Ruler
In the Rocky Realms confirmèd

His power; they say He sitteth
South, at the Well of Urdr.

Thus sang Skapti Thóroddssen:

The King of Monks is greatest
Of might, for God all governs;
Christ's power wrought this earth all,
And raised the Hall of Rome.

King of the Heavens, as Markús sang:

The King of the Wind-House fashioned
Earth, sky, and faithful peoples;
Christ, sole Prince of Mortals,
Hath power o'er all that liveth.

Thus sang Eilífr Kúlnasveinn:

The Host of the beaming World's Roof
And the Band of Illustrious bow down
To the Holy Cross; than all glory
Else the Sole Sun's King is brighter.

Son of Mary, as Eilífr sang further:

The bright Host of Heaven boweth
To Mary's Bairn: He winneth,
The Gentle Prince, of glory
The true might, God and man both.

King of Angels, as Eilífr sang again:

The goodly might of God's friend
Is better than men guess of;
Yet the Gracious King of Angels
Is dearer than all, and holier.

King of Jordan, as Sigvatr sang:

Four angels the King of Jordan
Sent long ago through aether
To earthward; and the stream washed
The holy head of the World's Lord.

King of Greeks, as Arnórr sang:

I have lodged for the hero's ashes
Prayers with the Lordly Warder
Of Greeks and men of Gardar:
Thus I pay my Prince for good gifts.

Thus sang Eilífr Kúlnasveinn:

The Glory of Heaven praises
Man's Prince: He is King of all things.

Here he called Christ, first, King of Men, and again, King of All. Eínarr Skúlason sang:

He who compasseth, Bright in Mercy,
All the world, and gently careth
For all, caused the realm of Heaven
To ope for the valiant ruler.

LII. "There the metaphors coincide; and he who interprets the language of poesy learns to distinguish which king is meant; for it is correct to call the Emperor of Constantinople King of Greeks, and similarly to call the king who rules over the land of Jerusalem King of Jerusalem, and also to call the Emperor of Rome King of Rome, and to call him King of Angles' who governs England. But that periphrasis which was cited but now, which called Christ King of Men, may be had by, every king. It is proper to periphrase all kings by calling them Land-Rulers, or Land-Warders, or Land-Attackers, or Leader of Henchmen, or Warder of the People.

Thus sang Eyvindr Skald-Despoiler:

Who filled the ravens
From life was reft

By the Earth-Rulers
At Ögló.[10]

And as Glúmr Geirason sang:

The Prince beneath the helmet
Reddened the sword hone-hollowed
On the Geats: there the Land-Warder
Was found in the grinding spear-din.

As Thjódólfr sang:

'T is my wish that the glorious Leader
Of Henchmen, the Glad-hearted,
Should leave his sons the heritage
And the sod of his fair freehold.

As Einarr sang:

The valiant-souled Earth-Warder
On his stern head the helm bears;
The bard before heroes telleth
The fame of the King of Hördland.

It is right also to call him King of Kings, under whom are tributary kings. An emperor is highest of kings, and next under him is that king who reigns over a nation; and each of these is equal to the other in the periphrases made of them in poesy. Next to them are those men who are called earls or tributary kings: and they are equal in periphrasis with a king, save that one may not term them kings of nations. And thus sang Arnórr Earl's Skald concerning Earl Thorfinnr:

Let the men hear how the Earl's King,
Hardy of mind, the sea sought:
The overwhelming Ruler
Failed not to thwart the ocean.

[10] The reverse of Gregory's pun: "Non Angli sed angeli."

Next to these in the figures of poesy are those men who are called chiefs: one may periphrase them as one might a king or an earl, calling them Dispensers of Gold, Wealth Munificent, Men of the Standards, and Captains of the Host, or Van-Leaders of the Array or of Battle; since each king of a nation, who rules over many lands, appoints tributary kings and earls in joint authority with himself, to administer the laws of the land and defend it from attack in those parts which lie far removed from the king. And in those parts they shall be equal with the king's self in giving judgment and meting punishment. Now there are many districts in one land; and it is the practice of kings to appoint justiciars over as many districts as one chooses to give into their hands. These justiciars are called chiefs or landed men in the Danish tongue, reeves in Saxony, and barons in England. They are also to be righteous judges and faithful warriors over the land which is entrusted to them for governance. If the king is not near, then a standard shall be borne before them in battle; and then they are quite as lawful war-captains as kings or earls.

"Next under them are those men who are called franklins: they are those freeholders who are of honorable kindred, and possessed of full rights. One may periphrase them by calling them Wealth-Givers, and Protectors, and Reconcilers of Men; headmen also may have these titles.

"Kings and earls have as their following the men called henchmen and house-carles; landed-men also have in their service those who are called henchmen in Denmark and Sweden, and house-carles in Norway, and these men swear oaths of service to them, even as henchmen do to kings. The house-carles of kings were often called henchmen in the old heathen time.

Thus sang Thorvaldr Blending Skald:

Hail, King, swift in the onset!
And thy sturdy house-carles with thee!
In their mouths men have my verses,
Made for a song of praising.

King Haraldr Sigurdarson composed this:

The man full mighty waiteth
The filling of the King's seat;

Oft, I find, to the Earl's heels
Throngs my host of house-carles.

Henchmen and house-carles may be periphrased by calling them House-Guard, or Wage-Band, or Men of Honor: thus sang Sigvatr:

I learned the Warrior's Wage-Band
On the water fought that battle
Newly: 't is not the smallest
Snow-shower of Shields I tell of.

And thus also:

When on the Steed of Cables
The clashing steel was meeting,
'T was not as when a maid bears
The Chief's mead to the Honor-Winners.

The service-fee which headmen give is called wages and gifts; thus sang Óttarr the Swarthy:

I needs must use the Breaker
Of the Battle-Glow of good men;
Here is the watch war-doughty
Of the Wise King assembled.

Earls and chiefs and henchmen are periphrased by calling them Counsellors or Speech-Friends or Seat-Mates of the King, as Hallfredr sang:

The Counsellor battle-mighty
Of the Prince, whom boldness pleases,
Lets the feud-fiery weeds of Högni,
Hammer-beaten, clash upon him.

As Snaebjörn sang:

The Speech-Friend of Kings letteth
The long-hulled steer-rope's Race-Horse

Steady the swordlike steel beak
Of the ship against the stern wave.

Thus sang Arnórr:

My young sons do bear for my sake
Grave sorrow for the slaughter
Of the Earl, destroyed by murder,
The Bench-Mate of our Monarch.

King's Counsel-Friend, as Hallfredr sang:

In council 't was determined
That the King's Friend, wise in counsel,
Should wed the Land, sole Daughter
Of Ónarr, greenly wooded.

One should periphrase men by their kindred; as Kormákr sang:

Let the son of Haraldr's true friend
Give ear, and hearken to me:
I raise my song, the Yeast-Stream
Of Sýr's snow-covered Monsters.

He called the Earl True Friend of the King, and Hákon, Son of Earl Sigurdr. And Thjódólfr sang thus concerning Haraldr:

About Ólafr's sire
Waxed the steel-knife-storm's ire,
That of wightness each deed
Is worthy fame's meed.

And again:

Jarizleifr could espy
Where the king passed by:
The brave, sainted lord's kin
Stoutly praise did win.

And again he sang:

Breath-bereft is he
Who o'er all bore the gree,--
Of chiefs kinsman mild,
Haraldr's brother's child.

Arnórr also sang thus in *Rögnvaldr's Song of Praise*:

Heiti's war-good kinsman
Made wedlock-kindred with me:
The earl's strong tie of marriage
Made honor to us rendered.

And again, concerning Earl Thorfinnr, he sang:

The thin-made swords bit keenly
Old Rögnvaldr's kin, to southward

Of Man, where rushed the strong hosts
Under the sheltering shield-rims.

And he sang further:

O God, guard the glorious
Kin-Betterer of great Turf-Einarr
From harm; I pray, show mercy
To him whom faithful chiefs love.

And Einarr Tinkling-Scale sang:

The House-Prop of the Kindred
Of Hilditönn shall not lack
Hardihood more munificent;
I am bound to maintain praises.

LIII. "How are the uninvolved terms of poesy made? By calling each thing by its proper name. What are the simple terms for poesy? It is called Poetry, Glorifying, Song, Laud, and Praise. Bragi the Old sang this, when he was travelling through a forest late at evening: a troll woman hailed him in verse, asking who passed:

'Trolls do call me
Moon's . . .
. . . of the giant,
Storm-sun's (?) bale,
Fellow-in-misery of the sibyl,
Warder of the circled ring-earth,
Wheel-devourer of the heaven.
What is the troll but that?"

He answered thus:

'Skalds do call me
Vidurr's Shape-Smith,
Gautr's Gift-Finder,
Bard not faulty,
Yggr's Ale-Bearer,
Song's Arrayer,
Skilled Smith of Verse:
What is the Skald but this?'

And as Kormákr sang:

I make more Glorifying
By far o'er Hákon's great son:
I pay him the song-atonement
Of the gods. In his wain Thor sitteth.

And as Thórdr Kolbeinsson sang:

The Shield-Maple let many swift ships
And merchant-craft, and speedy
War-boats o'er the sea pour;
The skald's ready Song of Laud waxed.

Laud, as Úlfr Uggason sang:

Now the stream to the sea cometh;
But first the Laud I sang forth

Of the Messenger of Sword-Rain:
Thus I raise the praise of warriors.

Here poesy is called praise also.

LIV. "How are the gods named? They are called Fetters, as Eyjólfr the Valiant Skald sang:

Eiríkr draws the lands beneath him
At the pleasure of the Fetters,
And fashions the Spear-Battle.

And Bonds, as Thjódólfr of Hvin sang:

The skilful God-Deceiver
To the Bonds proved a stern sharer
Of bones: the Helmet-Hooded
Saw somewhat hindered seething.

Powers, as Einarr Tinkling-Scale sang:

I say, the Mighty Powers
Magnify Hákon's empire.

Jólnar,[11] as Eyvindr sang:

We have fashioned
The Feast of Jólnar,
The Prince's praise-song,
Strong as a stone bridge.

Deities,[12] as Kormákr sang:

[11] This word, in the singular, is one of the names of Odin. I can find no etymology for it.

[12] A rare and doubtful word. According to Cl.-Vig., the word occurs only twice: *Yngl. S.*, ch. ii, and here. Cl.-Vig. holds that the word probably meant *priests*: "The *díar* of the *Yngl. S.* were probably analogous to the Icel. *godi*, from god (*deus*)" (p. 100)

The Giver of Lands, who bindeth
The sail to the top, with gold-lace
Honors him who pours Deities' verse-mead;
Odin wrought charms on Rindr.

LV. "These names of the heavens are recorded (but we have not found all these terms in poems; and these skaldic terms, even as others, are not meet for use in skaldic writing, methinks, unless one first find such names in the works of Chief Skalds): Heaven, Hlýrnir, Heidthornir, Storm Mímir, Long-Lying, Light-Farer, Driving, Topmost Sky, Wide-Fathom, Vet-Mímir, Lightning, Destroyer, Wide-Blue. The solar planet is called Sun, Glory, Ever-Glow, All-Bright, Sight, Fair Wheel, Healing Ray, Dvalinn's Playmate, Elfin-Beam, Doubtful-Beam, Luminary. The lunar planet is called Moon, Waxer, Waner, Year-Teller, Mock-Sun, Fengari,[13] Glamour, Haster, Crescent, Glare.

LVI. "Which are the simple terms for Earth? She is called Earth, as Thjódólfr sang:

The hardy Point-Rain's Urger
Oft caused the harsh sword-shower,
Ere under him the broad Earth
With battle he subjected.

Field, as Óttarr sang:

The Prince guards the Field:
Few kings are so mighty;

Óleifr fattens the eagle,
Foremost is the Swedes' King.

Ground, as Hallvardr sang:

The broad Ground, 'neath the venom-cold Adder
Bound, lies subject to the Warrior
Of the Island-Fetter's heaped gold;
The Hone-Land's Lord the hoard dispenseth.

[13] "Byzant. {Greek *fegga'ri*}; an {Greek *a?'p. leg.*}" (Cl.-Vig., p. 151)

Haudr,[14] as Einarr sang:

Brave heroes are defending
The hard Haudr of famous princes
With the sword; oft splits the helmet
Before the furious edge-storm.

Land, as Thórdr Kolbeinsson sang:

The Land, after the battle,
Was laid low from Veiga northward
To Agdir south, or farther:
Hard is song in conflict.

Fief, as Óttarr sang:

Thou, fierce War-Staff, maintainedst
The Fief despite two Monarchs
With heroes' kin. where the ravens
Starved not; keen-hearted art thou.

Hlödyn,[15] as Völu-Steinn sang:

I remember how murky earth yawned
With graven mouth for the Sender
Of the Gold-Words of the Giant
Of the hard bones of Green Hlödyn.

Country, as Úlfr Uggason sang:

But the flashing-eyed stiff Edge-Rope
Of the Earth stared past the gunwale
At the Rowan-Tree of the Country
Of Stone, the Giant-Tester.

Fjörgyn,[16] as is said here:

[14] "Etymology not known" (Cl.-Vig., p. 241).
[15] A personification
[16] Cf. Goth. *fairguni* (= a mountain) and A.-S. *fyrgen*. A personification: Fjörgynn is father of Frigg and of Jörd (Earth).

I was faithful to the free Payer
Of the stream-bed of Fjörgyn's Serpent;
May honor be closely guarded
By the Giver of the Giant's Stream-gold.

LVII. "It is correct to periphrase blood or carrion in terms of the beast which is called Strangler," by calling them his Meat and Drink; it is not correct to express them in terms of other beasts. The Strangler is also called Wolf.

As Thjódólfr sang:

Enough guesting to the Ravener
Was given, when the Son of Sigurdr

Came from the North, the Wolf
To lure from the wood to the wound.

Here he is called Ravener also.

Greedy One, as Egill sang:

The Greedy One gashed
Grisly wounds, when plashed
The red Point-Creek
On the raven's beak.

Witch-Beast, as Einarr sang:

The Götha, cold with venom,
With hot Wound-Gush was reddened;
The Witch-Beast's warm drink, mingled
With the water, in the sea poured.

She-Wolf, as Arnórr sang:

The She-Wolf's evil Kindred
Swallowed the corpse, harm-swollen,
When the green sea was turnèd
To red, with gore commingled.

Strangler, as Illugi sang:

There was happiness for the Strangler
When my lord pursued hosts full many;
With the sword the Necklet-Minisher
Pierced the swart Snake of the Forest.

Thus sang Hallr:

He sated the Heath-Beasts' Hunger:
The hoar howler in wounds gladdened;
The king reddened the Wild One's mouth-hairs,--
The Wolf went to drink of the wound.

And again, as Thórdr sang:

In blood Gjálp's Stud-Horse waded,
The dusty pack got fullness
Of the Greedy One's Wheat; the howler
Enjoyed the Ravener's Gore-Drink.

The bear is called Wide-Stepper, Cub, Winterling, Ourse, Gib-Cat, Tusker, Youngling, Roarer, Jölfudr,[17] Wilful-Sharp, She-Bear, Horse-Chaser, Scratcher, Hungry One, Blómr, Bustler. The hart is called Módrödnir,[18] Dalarr,[19] Dalr, Dáinn,[20] Dvalinn, Duneyrr, Durathrór. These are the names of horses enumerated in the *Rhymes* of Thorgrímr:[21]

Hrafn[22] and Sleipnir,
The famous horses;
Valr [23] and Léttfeti;
Tjaldari[24] a was there too;
Gulltopr and Goti;[25]

[17] Meaning?
[18] Angry-minded?
[19] Meaning?
[20] These are the names of the harts that feed on the leaves of the Ash Yggdrasill. See *Gylfag*., ch. xvi.
[21] For meanings not given in footnotes, see *Gylfag*., ch. xv, and *Skálds*., ch. xvii
[22] Raven
[23] Hawk
[24] Racer? (Cl.-Vig, p. 635).
[25] ?

I heard Sóti [26] told of;
Mór [27] and Lungr [28] with Marr.[29]

Vigg [30] and Stúfr [31]
Were with Skævadr;[32]
Blakkr[33] could well bear Thegn;
Silfrtoppr and Sinir;[34]
I heard Fákr[35] spoke of;
Gullfaxi and Jór [36] with the Gods were.

Blódughófi [37] hight a horse
That they said beareth
The strength-eminent Atridi;
Gísl [38] and Falhófnir;[39]
Glær [40] and Skeidbrimir;[41]
Mention, too, was made of Gyllir.[42]

These also are recorded in *Kálfsvísa*:

Dagr rode Drösull,[43]
And Dvalinn rode Módnir;[44]
Hjálmthér, Háfeti;[45]
Haki rode Fákr;
The Slayer of Beli

[26] Soot-Colored
[27] Dark-Gray
[28] ?
[29] a Steed
[30] Carrier
[31] Stump
[32] Hoof-Tosser
[33] Black
[34] Sinewy
[35] Jade
[36] Horse, Steed
[37] Bloody-Hoof
[38] Hostage
[39] Hollow-Hoof
[40] Shining
[41] Swift-Runner
[42] Golden
[43] Roamer
[44] Spirited
[45] High-Heels

Rode Blódughófi,
And Skævadr was ridden
By the Ruler of Haddings.

Vésteinn rode Valr,
And Vifill rode Stúfr;
Meinthjófr rode Mór,

And Morginn on Vakr;[46]
Áli rode Hrafn,
They who rode onto the ice:
But another, southward,
Under Adils,
A gray one, wandered,
Wounded with the spear.

Björn rode Blakkr,
And Bjárr rode Kertr;[47]
Atli rode Glaumr,[48]
And Adils on Slöngvir;[49]
Högni on Hölvir,[50]
And Haraldr on Fölkvir;[51]
Gunnarr rode Goti,[52]
And Sigurdr, Grani.[53]

Arvakr [54] and Alsvidr[55] draw the Sun, as is written before; Hrímfaxi [56] or Fjörsvartnir [57] draw the Night; Skinfaxi [58] and Gladr [59] are the Day's horses.

[46] Watchful, Nimble, Ambling, or perhaps Hawk
[47] Related to Kerti = a candle?
[48] Tumult.
[49] Slinger
[50] Horse; etymology?
[51] ?
[52] Goth
[53] Shining-Lip? (Jónsson).
[54] Early-Wake
[55] All-Swift
[56] Frosty-Mane
[57] Swart-Life
[58] Shining-Mane
[59] Bright, or Glad

"These names of oxen are in *Thorgrímr's Rhymes*:

Of all oxen the names
Have I accurately learned,--
Of these: Raudr [60] and Hœfir,[61]
Rekinn [62] and Hýrr,[63]

Himinhrjódr [64] and Apli,[65]
Arfr [66] and Arfuni.[67]

These are names of serpents: Dragon, Fáfnir, Mighty Monster, Adder, Nídhöggr, Lindworm, She-Adder, Góinn, Móinn, Grafvitnir, Grábakr, Ófnir, Sváfnir,[68] Hooded One.

Neat-Cattle: Cow, calf, oxen, heifer, yearling, steer, bull.

Sheep: Ram, buck, ewe, lamb, wether.

Swine: Sow, she-pig, boar, hog, suckling.

LVIII. "What are the names of the air and of the winds? Air is called Yawning Void and Middle World, Bird-Abode, Wind-Abode. Wind is called Storm, Breeze, Gale, Tempest, Gust, Blowing. Thus does one read in *Alsvinnsmál*:

Wind 't is called among menfolk,
And Waverer with the gods,--
Neigher the great powers name it;
Shrieker the giants,
And Shouter elves call it;
In Hel Clamorer 't is called.

The Wind is also called Blast.

[60] Red
[61] Meet
[62] Driven
[63] Gentle
[64] Heaven-Bellowing, or perhaps Heaven-Destroyer
[65] Calf
[66] Bull; properly = cattle, *pecus*, fee; hence, inheritance
[67] Heir; cf. with 3
[68] For these names and their meanings, see *Gylfag*., ch. xvi.

LIX. "Two are those birds which there is no need to periphrase otherwise than by calling blood and corpses their Drink and Meat: these are the raven and the eagle. All other male birds may be periphrased in metaphors of blood or corpses; and then their names are terms of the eagle or the raven. As Thjódólfr sang:

The Prince with Eagle's Barley
Doth feed the bloody moor-fowl:
The Hörd-King bears the sickle
Of Odin to the gory Swan's crop;
The Sater of the Vulture
Of the Eagle's Sea of corpses
Stakes each shoal to the southward
Which he wards, with the spear-point.

These are names of the raven: Crow, Huginn, Muninn,[69] Bold of Mood, Yearly Flier, Year-Teller, Flesh-Boder.

Thus sang Einarr Tinkling-Scale:

With flesh the Host-Convoker
Filled the feathered ravens:
The raven, when spears were screaming,
With the she-wolf's prey was sated.

Thus sang Einarr Skúlason:

He who gluts the Gull of Hatred,
Our precious lord, could govern
The sword; the hurtful raven
Of Huginn's corpse-load eateth.

And as he sang further:

But the King's heart swelleth,
His spirit flushed with battle,

[69] For the meaning of these names (which are those of Odin's Ravens), see *Gylfag*., ch. xxxviii

Where heroes shrink; dark Muninn
Drinks blood from out the wounds.

As Víga-Glúmr sang:

When stood the shielded Maidens
Of the gory sword, strife-eager,
On the isle; the Bold of Mood then
Received the meat of wound-blood.

As Skúli Thorsteinsson sang:

Not the hindmost in the hundred
Might Hlökk of horns have seen me,
Where to the Yearly Flier
I fed the wounds full grievous.

The erne is called Eagle, Old One, Storm-Shearer, Inciter, Soarer, Wound-Shearer, Cock. As Einarr sang:

With blood the lips he reddened
Of the black steed of Járnsaxa;
With steel Erne's meat was furnished:
The Eagle slit the Wolf's Bait.

As Ottarr sang:

The Erne swills corpse-drink,
The She-wolf is sated,
The Eagle there feedeth,
Oft the wolf his fangs reddens.

As Thjódólfr sang:

The Spoiler of the Lady
Swiftly flew with tumult
To meet the high God-Rulers,
Long hence, in Old One's plumage.

And as stands here:

With skill will I rehearse
Of the Storm-Shearer my verse.

And again as Skúli sang:

Early and late with sobbing
I wake, where well is sated
The hawk of the Cock's blood-ocean:
Then the bard heareth good tidings.

LX. "What are the names of the Sea? It is called Ocean, Main, Wintry, Lee, Deep, Way, Weir, Salt, Lake, Furtherer. As Arnórr sang, and as we have written above:

Let men hear how the Earls' King,
Hardy of mind, the Sea sought;
The overwhelming Ruler
Failed not to resist the Main.

Here it is named Sea, and Main also.

"Ocean, as Hornklofi sang:

When the man-scathing Meeter
Of the Mansion of the Rock-Reefs

Thrust the Forecastle-Adder
And the skiff out on the Ocean.

In the following verse it is called Lake as well: thus sang Einarr:

The Lake doth bathe the vessel,
Where the sea 'gainst each side beateth,
And the bright wind-vanes rattle;
The surf washes the Flood-Steeds.

Here it is called Flood also. Thus sang Refr, as was said before:

Wintry One's [70] wet-cold Spae-Wife
Wiles the Bear of Twisted Cables
Oft into Ægir's wide jaws,
Where the angry billow breaketh.

Deep, as Hallvardr sang:

The Sword-Shaker bids be pointed
The prow of the hardy ship-steed
Westward in the girdle
Of all lands, the Watery Deep.

Way, as here:

On our course from land we glided;
On the Way to the coast of Finland:
I see from the Ship's Road, eastward,
The fells with radiance gleaming.

Weir, as Egill sang:

I sailed o'er the Weir
To the West: I bear
Odin's Heart-Sea.
So it stands with me.

Ocean, as Einarr sang:

Many a day the cold Ocean
Washes the swarthy deck-planks
'Neath the gracious Prince; and Snow-Storm
Furrows Mona's Girdle.

Salt, as Arnórr sang:

The hardy King the Salt plowed
From the east with hull ice-laden:
Brown tempests tossed the Lessener
Of Surf-Gold toward Sigtún.

[70] *Gymir*. See Gering, *Die Edda*, p. 53, note 2

Furtherer, as Bölverkr sang:

Thou didst summon from fair Norway
A levy the next season,
With Din-Surf's ships the Furtherer
Didst shear; o'er decks the sea poured.
Here the sea is called Din-Surf also.

Wide One, as Refr sang:

To its breast the Stay's steed taketh
The Home of Planks, beak-furrowed,
And tosses the Wide One over
The hard side; the wood suffers.

Dusky One, as Njáll of the Burning sang:

We sixteen pumped, my Lady,
In four oar-rooms, but the surge waxed:
The Dusky One beat over
The hull of the driven sea-ship.

These are other names for the Sea, such as it is proper to use in periphrasing ships or gold.

"Rán, it is said, was Ægir's wife, even as is written here:

To the sky shot up the Deep's Gledes,
With fearful might the sea surged:
Methinks our stems the clouds cut,--
Rán's Road to the moon soared upward.

The daughters of Ægir and Rán are nine, and their names are recorded before: Himinglæva,[71] Dúfa,[72] Blódughadda,[73] Hefring,[74] Udr,[75] Hrönn,[76]

[71] That through which one can see the heaven (Jónsson).
[72] The Pitching One (Jónsson).
[73] Bloody-Hair
[74] Riser
[75] Frothing Wave
[76] Welling Wave

Bylgja,[77] Dröfn,[78] Kólga.[79] Einarr Skúlason recorded the names of six of them in this stanza, beginning:

Himinglæva sternly stirreth,
And fiercely, the sea's wailing.

Welling Wave,[80] as Valgardr sang:

Foam rested in the Sea's bed:
Swollen with wind, the deep played,

And the Welling Waves were washing
The awful heads of the war-ships.

Billow, as Ottarr the Swarthy sang:

Ye shear with shaven rudder
Billows moisty-deep; the broad sheet,
Which girls spun, on the mast-head
With the Roller's Reindeer sported.

Foam-Fleck, as Ormr sang:

The hawk-like, heedful Lady
Has every virtue: Lofn
Of the Foam-Fleck's flame-gold, faithful
As a friend, all faults renounceth.

Wave-Borne, as Thorleikr the Fair sang:

The sea walls, and the Wave-Borne
Bears bright froth o'er the red wood,
Where gapes the Roller's Brown Ox,
With mouth gold-ornamented.

Shoal, as Einarr sang:

[77] Billow
[78] Foam-Fleck
[79] Poetical term for Wave. "The Cool One" (Jónsson).
[80] In the following stanzas, for the sake of consistency, I have been obliged to translate the names, since they are employed in the stanzas as common nouns, rather than as proper names. It is beyond my ability to translate *Himinglæva* briefly

Nor met the Forward-Minded,
Where the fierce sea on our friends falls;
I think the Shoal becalmed not
The Ship, Wood of the Waters.

Fullness, as Refr sang:

Downward the Fells of Fullness
Fall on the Bear of Tackle:
Now forward Winterling, stirreth,
The ship, on Glammi's sea-path.

Comber,[81] as here:

The Comber fell headlong o'er me;
The Main called me home unto it:
I accepted not the Sea's bidding.

Breaker, as Óttarr sang:

In burst the ship-sides thin;
Rushed the Breaker downward; flushed
Stood the wind, bane of the wood;
Men endured wild tempest then.

Wave, as Bragi sang:

The Giver of the Wave's Coals,
Who cut Thor's slender tackle,
The Line of the Land of Sea-Mews,
Loved not to fight the wroth sea.

Sound, as Einarr sang:

I sheared the Sound
From Hrund south-bound;
My hand was gold-wound
When the Giver I found.

[81] So Cl.-Vig. Literally, the word means ominous, foreboder

Fjord, as Einarr sang:

Next I see a serpent
Carved well on the splendid ale-horn:
Let the Fjord-Fire's Dispenser
Learn how for that I pay him.

Wetness, as Markús sang:

I'll not lampoon the Chatterer,
Lord of the fearful sword-blade,
Who squanders the Sun of Wetness:
Ill is he who spoileth verses.

LXI. "What are the names of fire? Even as is written here:

Not seldom does the fire blaze
Which Magnús sets: the stalwart
Ruler burns habitations:
Houses blow reek before him.

Glow, as Valgardr sang:

Fierce Glow, with red-hot embers,
Swiftly from the soot flared,
Straight o'er the tottering dwellings
Stood up the dense smoke-columns.

Bale, as here:

Haki was burned on Bale,
Where the sea's broad wake weltered.

Gledes, as Grani sang:

I think the Gledes diminished . . .
Glammi's tracks; thus the king kindled.

Embers, as Atli sang:

With blood the axe is reddened,
Embers wax, burn many houses,

Halls stand aglow; now rages
The Gem; good men are falling.

Here fire is called Gem also.

Vapor, as here:

Half-built, by the Nid's side
Burn the All-Ruler's dwellings;
I think fire razed the hall's pride:
Vapor shot rime on the people.

Hot Ashes, as Arnórr sang:

The Isle-Danes' wrathful Harmer
With the Raumar spared not hard counsel:
Hot Ashes made them calmer;
The Heinir's threatening words hushed.

Flames, as Einarr sang:

Flame soon was alight,
And swiftly took flight
All Hísing's host:
The fight they lost.

Flare, as Valgardr sang:

The sturdy king's bright Flare soared
Above the castle's bulwark;
The vikings burst in grimly:
Grief on the maid descended.

Lowe, as Haldórr sang:

There did ye share their jewels,
While o'er the host the Shield's Lowe,
The sword, shrieked fiercely: never
Wert thou spoiled of conquest.

LXII. "These are time-names: Cycle, Days of Yore, Generation, Lang-Syne, Year, Season, Winter, Summer, Spring, Autumn, Month, Week, Day, Night, Morning, Eve, Twilight, Early, Soon, Late, Betimes, Day before Yesterday, Yester Eve, Yesterday, To-morrow, Hour, Moment. These are more names of Night in *Alsvinnsmál*:

Night 't is called among men,
And among the gods, Mist-Time;
Hooded Hour the Holy Powers know it;
Sorrowless the giants,
And elves name it Sleep-joy;
The dwarves call it Dream-Weaver.

["It is autumn from the equinox till the time when the sun sets three hours and a half after noon; then winter endures till the equinox; then it is spring till the moving-days;[82] then summer till the equinox. The month next before winter is called Harvest-Month; the first in winter is the Month of Cattle-Slaughter; then Freezing Month, then Rain-Month, then the Month of Winter's Wane, then Gói;[83] then Single Month, then Cuckoo-Month and Seed-Time, then Egg-time and Lamb-Weaning-Time; then come Sun-Month and Pasture Month, then Haying-Season; then Reaping Month.][84]

LXIII. "What are the simple terms for men? Each, in himself, is Man; the first and highest name by which man is called is Emperor; next to that, King; the next thereto, Earl: these three men possess in common all the following titles: All-Ruler, as this song showeth:

I know all All-Rulers
East and south, o'er the Ships' seat
Sveinn's son in proof is better
Than any other War-Prince.

Here he is called War-Prince also; for this reason he is called All-Ruler, that he is sole Ruler of all his realm.

[82] In May
[83] I cannot find the meaning of this word
[84] "This passage, which U lacks, is clearly a later addition." Jónsson, Copenhagen ed. (1900), p. 138, footnote

Host-Arrayer, as Gizurr sang:

The Host-Arrayer feedeth
The wolf and the raven in folk-mote;
Óláfr gladdens, in Skögul's sharp showers
Of battle, the geese of Odin.

"A King is called Host-Arrayer because he divides his war-host into companies.

Leader, as Ottarr the Swarthy sang:

The Leader taketh
Odin's loved Wife,
The lordless land;
His a warrior's life.

Lord or Lording, as Arnórr sang:

The Lord of Hjaltland, highest
Of heroes, gained the victory
In every thunderous sword-clash:
The bard will extol his glory.

An earl is called Host-Duke, and a king also is so termed, forasmuch as he leads his host to battle. Thus sang Thjódólfr:

He who put to shame the Host-Duke
Thrust out the eyes of prisoners,--
He who speeds the sacrifices;
In song I chant his praises.

Signor, or Señor, as Sigvatr sang:

O Norway's gracious Signor,
Grant the wretched, as the happy,
May now enjoy thy wise laws;
Give greatly, hold thy word!

Munificent One, as Markús sang:

The Munificent Prince brought fire's destruction
O'er the base people; to the pirates
Death was fated: Thief-Compeller,
South at Jóm highest flame-glow kindle!

Illustrious One, as Hallvardr sang:

No Illustrious One nearer
Under Earth's Hazel liveth
Than thou, O Monks' Upholder:
The Gold-Minisher Danes protecteth.

Land-Driver, as Thjódólfr sang:

The guileless Land-Driver sprinkles
Kraki's gleaming barley,

as was written before; he is called so because he drives his host about the lands of other kings, or drives a host out of his own land.

LXIV. "There was a king named Hálfdan the Old, who was most famous of all kings. He made a great sacrificial feast at mid-winter, and sacrificed to this end, that he might live three hundred years in his kingdom; but he received these answers: he should not live more than the full life of a man, but for three hundred years there should be no woman and no man in his line who was not of great repute. He was a great warrior, and went on forays far and wide in the Eastern Regions:[85] there he slew in single combat the king who was called Sigtryggr. Then he took in marriage that woman named Alvig the Wise, daughter of King Eymundr of Hólmgardr:[86] they had eighteen sons, nine born at one birth. These were their names: the first, Thengill, who was called Manna-Thengill;[87] the second, Ræsir;* the third, Gramr;* the fourth, Gylfi;* the fifth, Hilmir;* the sixth, Jöfurr;* the seventh, Tyggi;* the eighth, Skyli* or Skúli;* the ninth, Harri* or Herra.[88] These nine brothers became so famous in foraying that, in all records since, their names are used as titles of

[85] That is, in the lands bordering the Baltic
[86] Russia
[87] This word means Prince or King; *Manna-Thengill* = Prince of Men
[88] * All of these words are poetic names for a Prince or King

rank, even as the name of King or that of Earl. They had no children, and all fell in battle. Thus sang Ottarr the Swarthy:

In his youth stalwart Thengill
Was swift and staunch in battle:
I pray his line endureth;
O'er all men I esteem him.

Thus sang Markus:

The Ræsir let the Rhine's Sun shimmer
From the reddened Skull's ship on the Sea-Fells.

Thus sang Egill:

The Gramr the hood hath lifted
From the hair-fenced brows of the Singer.

Thus sang Eyvindr:

He played with the land-folk
Who should have defended;

Gylfi the gladsome
Stood 'neath the gold helmet.

Thus sang Glúmr Geirason:

Hilmir beneath the helmet
Reddened the sword hone-hollowed.

Thus sang Óttarr the Swarthy:

Let Jöfurr hear the beginning
Of his laud: all the king's praises
Shall be maintained, and justly
Let him mark my praise-song's measures.

As Stúfr sang:

The glory-ardent Tyggi
South before Niz with two hands

Beat down the band of heroes:
Glad beneath their shields the host went.

Thus sang Hallfredr:

From Skyli I am parted:
This age of swords hath caused it.
'T is greatest of all self-mockings
To hope that the king's guard cometh.

Thus sang Markús:

I bid the hawklike Danish Harri
Hark to my cunning web of praises.

"Hálfdan and his wife had nine other sons also; these were Hildir, from whom the Hildings are come; Nefir, from whom the Niflungs sprang; Audi, from whom the Ödlungs are come; Yngvi, from whom the Ynglings are descended; Dagr, from whom come the Döglings; Bragi, from whom the Bragnings are sprung (that is the race of Hálfdan the Munificent); Budli, from whom the Budlungs are come (from the house of the Budlungs Atli and Brynhildr descended); the eighth was Lofdi, who was a great war-king (that host who were called Lofdar followed him; his kindred are called Lofdungs, whence sprang Eylimi, Sigurdr Fáfnisbani's mother's sire); the ninth, Sigarr, whence come the Siklings: that is the house of Siggeirr, who was son-in-law of Völsungr,--and the house of Sigarr, who hanged Hagbardr. From the race of Hildings sprang Haraldr the Red-Bearded, mother's father of Hálfdan the Swarthy. Of the Niflung's house was Gjúki; of the house of Ödlings, Kjárr; of the house of the Ylfings was Eiríkr the Wise in Speech. These also are illustrious royal houses: from Yngvi, the Ynglings are descended; from Skjöldr in Denmark, the Skjöldungs are come; from Völsungr in the land of Franks, those who are called Völsungs. One war-king was named Skelfir; and his house is called the House of Skilfings: his kindred is in the Eastern Region.

"These houses which were named but now have been used in skaldship for titles of rank. Even as Einarr sang:

I learned that the Hildings sallied
To hold the Spear-Assembly
On the Gray Isle; the broad shields,
Green lindens, burst in sunder.

As Grant sang:

The Dögling to eagle's kindred
For drink gave Danish blood.

As Gamli Gnævadar-Skald sang:

Not long since, the young Ödling
With ship's deck and with sword-blade
Joined battle, waging fiercely
Of points the bitter tempest.

As Jórunn sang:

The Bragning bade the weapons
Be dyed in blood of vile folk;
The people endured his anger:
Houses bowed before red embers.

Thus sang Einarr:

The Budlung's blade sheared,
Blood on darts was smeared;
The storm-cloud of Hildr
At Whitby spilled.

Thus sang Arnorr:

The Kin of Siklings inureth
To the waves the ships sea-tossing;
With blood he dyes the warships
Within: 't is the weal of ravens.

As Thjódólfr sang:

Thus the doughty Sikling ended
His life; in dire straits were we:
The glorious Lofdung waited
Bravely surcease of living.

The folk who were called Lofdar followed King Lofdi.

As Arnórr sang:

Chief, another Skjöldung higher
Than thou shall ne'er be born 'neath sun's light.

Völsung, as Thorkell Hamar-Skald sang:

The Kin of Völsungs
Gave counsel to send me
The gold-decked weapon
O'er the cool waters.

Yngling, as Ottarr the Swarthy sang:

In the East no mighty Yngling
To earth fell, ere o'ertook thee
He who subjected to him
The Sea-isles from the westward.

Yngvi: that too is a king's title, as Markús sang:

The age shall hear the praise of Eiríkr:
None in the world a prince hath known of
Lordlier; thou holdest, Yngvi,
The Seat of Kings with long-kept glory.

Skilfing, as Valgardr sang:

The Skilfing kept a great host
Southward in the broad lands,
Where the swift ships shivered:
Sicily soon was desolated.

Signor, as Sigvatr sang:

O Norway's gracious Signor,
Let the poor enjoy; give greatly.

LXV. "Skalds are called bards; and in skaldship it is correct to call any man so whom one will. Those men who served King Hálfr were called Champions.[89] and from their name warriors are called champions; and it is correct to call all men so. In skaldship men are called Lofdar also, as is written above. Those men were called Skatnar[90] who served the king named Skati the Munificent: from his name every one who is munificent is called Skati. They who followed Bragi the Old were called Bragnar.[91] They who assess the transactions of men are called taxers. Fyrdar and Firar are they called who defend the land. Vikings and fleet-men form a ship-army. They who followed King Beimuni were called Beimar.[92] Captains of companies are called Grooms, even as he is called who carries home a bride. The Goths are named after that king who was called Goti, from whom Gotland is named: he was so called after Odin's name, derived from the name *Gautr*, for Gautland or Gotland was named after Odin's name, and Sweden from the name of Svidurr, which is also a title of Odin's. At that time all the mainland which he possessed was called Reid-Gotaland, and all the islands, Ey-Gotaland: that is now called the Realm of Danes or of Swedes.

"Young men not householders are called Drengs, while they are acquiring wealth and glory: sea-faring Drengs are they who voyage from land to land; King's Drengs are they who serve rulers. They also are Drengs who serve wealthy men or franklins; valiant and ambitious men are called Drengs. Warriors are also called Champions and Troops: these are soldiers. Freeholders are called Thanes and Yeomen; those men who go about reconciling men are called Day-Men. These men are they who are called Champions, Kemps, Men of War, Brave Men, Valiant Men, Hardy Men, Overpowerers, Heroes. Over against these are the following terms: Soft, Weak, Unleavened, Leavenless, Melting One, Sheath, Coward, Skulker, Weakling, Qualmish, Caitiff, Scamp, Vile One, Dog, Lout, Feeble One, Paltry' One, Imbecile, Bungler, Son of Wretchedness.

[89] *Rekkar*
[90] Plural of *Skati* = lordly, towering
[91] Heroes
[92] Heroes, Men

"A good man of his hands is called Munificent, Illustrious, Towerer, Mighty Towerer, Towering Gold-Giver, Prince of Men, Wealthy One, Prosperous, Heaper-Up of Riches, Mighty Man, Chieftain. In contrast to these are they who are called Niggard, Miser, Calculator, Wretched One, Wealth-Hiding, Gift-Tardy One. A man wise in Counsel is called Wielder of Counsel. A witless man is called Clown, Oaf, Gander, Dupe, Boor, Idiot, Dolt, Fool, Madman, Maniac, Moon-Struck. One who thinks much of dress is called Gaudy, Dreng, Glittering One, Careful of Attire, Tricked-Out. A noisy fellow is called Shark-Skin, Braggart, Sheath-Cleaner, Fawner, Brawler, Good-for-Naught, Worthless One. Common-folk are called Country-folk or People. A thrall is called Kept-Man, Serf, Laborer, Servant.

LXVI. "Each one singly is called man; 't is twain if they are two; three are a thorp; four are a group; a band is five men; if there are six, it is a squad; seven complete a crew; eight men make a panel; nine are 'good fellows;' ten are a gang; eleven form an embassy; it is a dozen if twelve go together; thirteen. are a crowd; fourteen are an expedition; it is a gathering, when fifteen meet; sixteen make a garrison; seventeen are a congregation; to him who meets eighteen, they seem enemies enough. He who has nineteen men has a company; twenty men are a posse; thirty are a squadron; forty, a community; fifty are a shire; sixty are an assembly; seventy are a line;[93] eighty are a people; one hundred is a host.

LXVII. "Beside these there are those terms which men prefix to the names of men: we call such terms epithets of possession,[94] or true terms, or surnames. It is an epithet of possession when one names a thing by its true name, and calls him whom one desires to periphrase Owner of that thing; or Father or Grandfather of that which was named; Grandsire is a third epithet. Moreover, a son is also called Heir, Heritor, Bairn, Child and Boy, Inheritor. A blood-kinsman is called Brother, Twin, Germane, Consanguine; a relation is also called Nephew, Kinsman, Kin, Kith, Friend, Kin-Stave, Descendant, Family-Prop, Family-Stem, Kin-Branch, Family-Bough, Offshoot, Offspring, Head-Tree, Scion. Kinsmen by marriage are further called Sib-folk, Minglers of Blood. A friend is called Counsel-Mate, Counsel-Giver, Adviser, Secret-

[93] *Sörvar*, plural of *sörvi*, a lady's necklace
[94] *Vidhenningar*: literally, by-periphrases

Sharer, Converser, Bench-Fellow, Fondling, Seat-Mate; bench-fellow also means Cabin-Mate. A foe is called Adversary, Shooter Against One, Hater, Attacker, Scather, Slayer, Hard Presser, Pursuer, Overbearer.

"These terms we call epithets of possession; and so also if a man is known by his dwelling or his ship, which has a name of its own, or by his estate, when a name of its own is given to it.

"This we call true terms: to call a man Wise Man, Man of Thought, Wise in Speech, Sage in Counsel, Wealth Munificent, Not Slack, Endower, Illustrious One; these are surnames.

LXVIII. "These are simple terms for women in skald ship: Wife and Bride and Matron are those women who are given to a man. Those who walk in pomp and fine array are called Dame and Lady. They who are witty of speech are called Women of Wisdom.[95] They who are gentle are called Girls; they who are of high countenance are called Proud and Haughty Ones. She who is of noble mind is called Gentlewoman;[96] she who is richest, Lady. She who is bashful, as young -maids are, or those women who are modest, is called Lass. The woman whose husband has departed from the land is called Stay-at-Home.

That woman whose husband is slain is called War-Widow: Widow is the term for her whose husband has died of sick ness. Maid means, first, every woman, and then carlines that are old. Then there are those terms for women which are libellous: one may find them in songs, though they be not ill writing. Those women who have one husband in common are called Concubines. A son's wife is termed Daughter-in-law; the husband's mother is called Mother-in-law. A woman may also be called Mother, Grand mother, Great-Grandmother; a Mother is called Dam. Woman is further called Daughter, Bairn, and Child. She is also called Sister, Lady, and Maiden.[97] Woman is also called Bed-Fellow, Speech-Mate, and Secret-Sharer of her husband; and that is an epithet of possession.

[95] *Snót* (plural, *Snótir*) = a gentlewoman. Cf. *Snotr* = wise. A popular etymology
[96] Literally = Plowshare. (See Cl.-Vig, p. 498.)
[97] *Dís*; properly = sister. For discussion of these words, see under *dís* in Cl.-Vig., p. 100.

LXIX. "A man's head is termed thus: [thus should it he periphrased: call it Toil or Burden of the Neck; Land of the Helm, of the Hood, and of the Brain, of the Hair and Brows, of the Scalp, of Ears, Eves, and Mouth; Sword of Heimdallr, arid it is correct to name any term for sword which one desires; and to periphrase it in terms of every one of the names of Heimdallr][98] the Head, in simple terms, is called Skull, Brain, Temple, Crown. The eyes are termed Vision or Glance, and Regard, Swift-Appraising; [they may he so periphrased as to call them Sun or Moon, Shields and Glass or Jewels or Stones of the Eyelids, of the Brows, the Lashes, or the Forehead]. The ears are called Listeners* or Hearing;[99] [one should periphrase them by calling them Land, or any earth-name, or Mouth, or Canal, or Vision, or Eyes of Hearing, if the metaphors employed are new-coined. The mouth one should periphrase by calling it Land or House of the Tongue or of the Teeth, of Words or of the Palate, of the Lips, or the like; and if the metaphors used are not traditional, then men may call the mouth Ship, and the lips the Planks, and the tongue Oar or Tiller of the Ship. The teeth are sometimes called Gravel or Rocks of Words, of the Mouth, or of the Tongue. The tongue is often called Sword of Speech or of the Mouth]. The hair which stands on the lips is called Beard, Moustache, or Whiskers. Hair is called Nap; the hair of women is called Tresses. Hair is termed Locks. [One may periphrase hair by calling it Forest, or by some tree-name; one may periphrase it in terms of the skull or brain or head; and the beard in terms of chin or cheeks or throat.]

LXX. The heart is called grain-sheaf; [one should periphrase it by terming it Grain or Stone or Apple or Nut or Ball, or the like, in figures of the breast or of feeling. More over, it may be called House or Earth or Mount of Feeling. One should periphrase the breast by calling it House or Garth or Ship of the Heart, of Breath, or of the Liver; Land of Energy, of Feeling, and of Memory]. Feeling is affection and emotion, love, passion, desire, love-longing. [Passion should be periphrased by calling it Wind of Troll Women; also it is correct to name what one soever is desired, and to name giants, periphrasing giantesses as Woman or Mother or Daughter of the Giants.] Feeling is also called mood, liking, eagerness, courage, activity, memory, understanding,

[98] This and other pages in brackets are probably spurious

[99] * These are the literal meanings; the meanings, in general usage, coincide: both words signify the inner parts of the ear (Cl.-Vig.).

temper, humor, good faith. It is also wrath, enmity, mischievousness, grimness, balefulness, grief, sorrow, ill-will, spite, falseness, faithlessness, fickleness, light-mindedness, baseness, hasty temper, violence.

LXXI. "The hand and fore-arm may be called hand, arm, paw, palm. Parts of the arm are called elbow, upper arm, wolf's joint,[100] finger, grip, wrist, nail, finger-tip, hand-edge, quick. [One may term the hand Earth of Weapons or of Defensive Armor; and together with shoulder and arm, the hollow of the hand and the wrist, it may, be called Earth of Gold Rings, of the Falcon and the Hawk, and of all the equivalents thereof; and in new-coined metaphors, Leg of the Shoulder-joint, and Force of the Bow. The legs may be called Tree of the Soles, of the Insteps, of the Ankles, or the like; Running Shaft of the Road or of the Way or the Pace; one may call the leg Tree or Post of all these. The legs are periphrased in metaphors of snowshoes, shoes, and breeks.] The parts of the legs are called thigh, knee, calf, lower leg, upper leg, instep, arch, sole, toe; [one may periphrase the leg in terms of all these, calling it Tree, Mast, and Yard thereof; and in metaphors of them all].

LXXII. "Speech is called words, language, eloquence, talk, tale, gibing, controversy, song, spell, recital, idle talk, babbling, din, chatter, squalling, merry noise, wrangling, mocking, quarrelling, wish-wash, boasting, tittle-tattle, nonsense, idiom, vanity, gabbling. It is also termed voice, sound, resonance, articulation, wailing, shriek, dash, crash, alarm, roaring, creaking, swoop, swooping, outburst.

LXXIII. "Understanding is called wisdom, counsel, discernment, memory, speculation, intelligence, arithmetic, far sight,[101] craft, word-wit, preëminence. It is called subtlety, wiliness, falsehood, fickleness.

LXXIV. "Expression is of two kinds: that which is called voice, and that which is called manners; manners is also temper. *Reiði* also has double meaning: *reiði* is the ill humor of a man, and *reiði* is also the rigging of a ship or the driving-gear of a horse. *Fár* also has double meaning:*fár* signifies wrath, and *far* signifies a ship.

[100] This is the wrist-joint
[101] That is, prophecy

"Men have made frequent use of such ambiguous expressions as these; and this practice is called punning. [*Lith*[102] is that part of a man where bones meet; *lið* is a word for ship; *lið* means people; when a man renders an other assistance, his aid is *lið*; *líð* signifies ale. *Hlið* signifies the gate in a garth; *hliðr* men call an ox, and *hlíð* signifies a slope. One may make such use of these distinct meanings in skaldship as to make a pun that is hard to interpret, provided one employ other distinctions than those which are indicated by the half-lines which precede. These cases are there, and many others, in which divers things have the same name in common.]"

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[102] *Lið*.

ABBREVIATIONS

CL.-VIG. = the Cleasby-Vigfússon *Icelandic-English Dictionary*, Oxford, 1874.

COD. REG. = *Codex Regius*, one of the manuscripts in which
Snorri's Edda is preserved.

COD. WORM. = *Codex Wormianus*, another of the manuscripts.

COD. UPSAL. = *Codex Upsaliensis*, a third manuscript (U).

YNGL. S. = *Ynglinga Saga*.

GYLFAG. = *Gylfaginning*.

SKÁLDS. = *Skáldskaparmál*.